

EPITOME
OF
UNIVERSAL HISTORY
IN VERSE.



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AN EPITOME
OF
UNIVERSAL HISTORY,
IN VERSE.

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE YOUNG,
ARRANGED UPON A PLAN AFFORDING ASSISTANCE TO MEMORY, WITH
MARGINAL DATES, AND AN INDEX TO THE MOST IMPORTANT
CHARACTERS AND EVENTS IN THE HISTORY
OF THE WORLD

BY
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PREFACE.

HISTORY, not Poetry, has been the Author's object in this epitome : it does not aspire to the rank of Poems from History ; it is simply History in Verse.

It is written expressly for the young, and is designed to furnish the means either of committing to memory, or at least of impressing more forcibly on the mind, the chief historical events and characters presenting themselves in the course of ordinary and more detailed study.

In carrying out this design, the Author has endeavoured to keep the following ends in view :—

1. To present to his young readers a summary of universal history, in which they might be imperceptibly led to recognize all nations as one great family, scattered indeed over the face of the earth, yet ever acting in subservience to the will and designs of the Father and Creator of all.

2. To interweave throughout some thoughts of holy things, and some simple and even trite reflections, such as may commend themselves to a youthful mind ; so as to lead the reader beyond the dry region of mere facts and dates and even mere worldly consequences, to which school histories are too often limited.

3. To lead young minds to form just estimates of the chief characters in history, and thus to guard them against the too common error of confounding mere celebrity with true greatness.

4. To introduce occasional sketches of the contemporary history of various states, so as to convey some vivid impressions of the relative epochs of their rise and fall.

It has been sought, by means of frequent changes in the metre, and by the subdivision of the work into sections of no great length (many, indeed, sufficiently short to be learned by heart), to give the volume a character as light and attractive as possible, and thus to amuse as well as to instruct.

The insertion, in a margin specially appropriated for the purpose, of nearly a thousand dates, carefully selected and revised, may give the work an additional claim to usefulness, where more elaborate books of reference may not be at hand.

The table of contents will serve to indicate the general aim and extent of the work; and although differences of opinion must necessarily exist upon such a point as the selection of subjects sufficiently important to claim a place in a field limited to the compass of some 300 pages, it is hoped that the care and thought bestowed upon this point have at least prevented the omission of any events, which can claim to be of paramount importance in the history of the world.

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INTRODUCTION.

GREAT, striking epochs, borne in mind,
Serve as the readiest helps to find
Such others as we know have been
Before them, after, or between.

Like beacons in a wide-spread view,
History has its landmarks too,
Which, well remembered, help to trace
The changeful annals of our race.

If thou wouldst truly profit by the page
That tells the history of any age,
Scripture alone supplies thee with a key
Unlocking much that else were mystery.
Mark well two wondrous truths pervading all :
The Fall of all mankind in Adam's fall ;
And then the fulness of Redeeming Grace
In One Atonement made for all the race.
For all ! In God's good promise of the Seed
No bound or limit do we find decreed ;

Nor is it said some only should be blest
In that Great Promise, leaving out the rest.
It is not ours to scan the mysteries
Of God, or fathom all His great decrees ;
To know why many nations of the earth,
Before or after the Redeemer's birth,
Have risen up, and lived, and pass'd away
Without the cheering light of Gospel day.
God gave a law within themselves to them ;
A law to justify them, or condemn,
Before His Judgment-seat. Let us adore
The love and mercy that have set before
Our eyes a prospect of the life to come,
Which His sure wisdom has denied to some.
What would it profit if we were to know
Whether a Pericles or Cicero—
Men of high intellect, whose fame survives
To testify to moral heathen lives—
Is saved or not ? But it will profit us
To mark their actions and their words, and
thus
Gain earthly knowledge and experience,
By which we may increase our influence
For good on those around us. Here we see
One chiefest use in studying History.
But if the history of man betrays
Some traces of the Fall in all his ways,

Those ways invisibly but surely tend,
Beneath God's sov'reign sway, to one great end—
Man's rescue from the Fall,—and thus fulfil,
By paths unknown to us, His holy will:
Famine and fire and pestilence and sword
Together work for those who fear the Lord.
Then let us, as we read, bear well in mind,
How ev'ry race of this our fallen kind,
Whether or not they know Jehovah, still
Act only in subservience to His will;
That every human soul,—as Scripture proves,—
E'en though unknowingly, yet lives, and moves,
And has its being, in the all ruling Lord,
Whether or not it has received the Word.
View all as one great scheme, one mighty plan,
Its scope the Fall and Raising-up of Man,—
Each race and nation, ay, each single soul,
Contributing to this most wondrous whole.
If thus we read aright, the history
Of man is that of one great family,
Spread o'er the world, and scatter'd all abroad,
Yet all pursuing one eventful road
That ends at last before the throne of God.
And thou art one of this same family,—
Noble or lowly as thy rank may be,—
An object of His love. Take warning then
By what thou readest of thy fellow men.

Learn to avoid their faults, and imitate
The actions that have made them truly great.
For aught thou knowest, God may give to thee
Hereafter some important destiny,
In which thou mayst be called to play a part
In this world's history. Train then thy heart
And mind in ways of holiness and love,
That, whatsoe'er thy mission from above,
In humble life or lofty station cast,
Thou fail not to obtain that Crown at last,
Assured to those alone that fight the fight,
And run their course as Children of the Light.

PART THE FIRST.



THE FIRST FOUR THOUSAND YEARS.

1. THE FIRST FOUR THOUSAND YEARS.

4004. Four thousand years had roll'd away
 Since Adam sprang from earth,
 Before that great eventful day
 That saw the Saviour's birth.

2948. A race of long-liv'd Patriarchs
 First on the scene appears ;
 And well the birth of Noah marks
 The first full thousand years.

1996. The flood has pass'd, and overthrown
 Is Babel's tow'r of scorn :
 The second thousand years are flown,
 And Abraham is born.

1004. Three thousand years are past and gone,
 And God's own Word relates
 How, lowly kneeling, Solomon
 His temple dedicates.

 Four thousand years and four have pass'd,
 When angel hosts by night
 Proclaim the Saviour come at last
 To give us life and light.

Mark, as thou readest on, how all things prove
That nothing could suffice except the plan
Design'd by God, in mercy and in love,
To rescue from the Fall the race of man.

Man, in his first estate of innocence,
Was tried in Eden by the Lord, and fail'd ;
The serpent's cunning, and the influence
Of appetite for earthly things prevail'd.

How God conversed with man from Adam's time
To that of Noah, we have not been told ;
How soon the world was overspread with crime
In the avenging Flood we may behold.

God chose a favour'd race, to whom He gave
A perfect law, revealing His commands ;
Perfect, yet ineffectual to save,
As Judah to this day a witness stands.

Then in the light of intellect alone
Full many a nation of the earth was train'd ;
In Greece and Rome supremely bright it shone,
But mark what fearful moral darkness reign'd.

And last of all, God gave His own dear Son
To die for us, that we through Him might live,
To make us with our God once more at one,—
And an ensample for our lives to give.

Mark, as thou readest on, all history
To thee is useless, if thou fail to trace
Some message sent from heav'n direct to thee,
In many a record of thy fallen race.

2. THE FIRST THOUSAND YEARS.

4004.

THE first millennial period claims
 Its list of patriarchal names.
 Of Adam and the Fall we read,
 And God's great promise of the Seed,
 Which, when four thousand years had fled,
 Came forth to bruise the serpent's head.

abt. 3875.

The curse on man was first fulfilled :
 We read of righteous Abel killed ;
 Of the posterity of Cain ;
 Of Lamech, who a man had slain ;
 Jubal, who first of music thought,
 And Tubal Cain, who metals wrought ;

b. 3874.

3017.

Of children sprung from holy Seth ;
 Enoch, translated free from death ;

d. 2349.

And old Methuselah, who ran
 The longest course ascribed to man.

b. 2948.

To Noah's birth we come at last,
 And lo ! a thousand years have pass'd.

THE SECOND THOUSAND YEARS.

3. THE FLOOD.

2349. THE second period displays
Man wholly giv'n to evil ways ;
Yet to be holy Noah dared,
And eight of all mankind were spared.
In vain he preach'd to deafen'd ears ;
Sixteen hundred and sixty years
This fair and lovely world was old,
When over it the Deluge roll'd.

4. THE DISPERSION.

2348. Yet scarcely had the waters dried,
When man returned to sin and pride.
abt. 2247. Now Babel's tower arose on high,
As though God's judgments to defy,
And curb His power with human bounds ;
But lo ! their language He confounds ;
And o'er the world to find a home,
Noah's descendants quickly roam.
Shem's sons to Asia turn'd their face,
And founded each Semitic race ;
Westward the sons of Japheth bent

Their steps, and into Europe went ;
Africa, with its burning sun,
By sons of Ham was overrun,
And still each naked slave attests
The changeless truth of God's behests.
And even now, we still can trace,
Some names of that primeval race ;
The Muscovite thus Meshech founds,
And Javan in Ionia sounds ;
From Asshur proud Assyria came ;
Lud to the Lydians gave a name ;
Tiras in Thrace we plainly see,
And Gomer's name in Germany.
But God's unchanging purpose had decreed
From Abraham should come the promised seed.
So, as the sacred histories disclose,
abt. 2234. Whilst proud Assyria first of empires rose,
Whilst Nimrod from his own first settlement
At Babylon, to conquer Asshur's went,
abt. 2233. (Babylon, first new city built by man),
And, in the plains where mighty Tigris ran,
Built Nineveh, whose pow'r, as time roll'd on,
2059. Ninus united with great Babylon,—
The sires of holy Abram's chosen race,
Safe in Chaldea found a dwelling-place.

THE THIRD THOUSAND YEARS.

5. ABRAHAM.

1996. Two thousand years and eight had roll'd away,
When Abram first beheld the light of day :—
abt. 1897. Abram, to whom God gave the glorious name
Of Abraham, in token of his claim
Under the covenant with him renew'd,
To be the father of a multitude,
And amongst them, of that great promised seed—
abt. 1897. Abraham, who with God once dared to plead
For those unhallow'd cities of the plain,
And whose bold pleading had not been in vain
Had but ten righteous souls been found therein
Amidst so many thousands steep'd in sin—
Abraham, father of the faithful styled,
1871. Ready to give to God the one loved child
In whom his aged eyes had hope to see
The father of that great posterity.
He stagger'd not in faith, but kiss'd the rod,
And won the title of the Friend of God.
Ah! well may he as our example serve,
When from obedience or from faith we swerve.
-

6. ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

b.1896. b.1837	And Isaac then, and Jacob next, Furnish full many a glorious text.
b.1745, d.1635	And Joseph too; yet why relate The story of his changeful fate? In God's own book it forms a tale, Whose interest can never fail.
1729.	Sold into Egypt, he but served God's stedfast purpose, and preserved Alive the race of Israel.
	And next the sacred pages tell How for two centuries they dwell In Egypt, till a Pharaoh rose,
abt. 1577.	Who heavy tasks upon them throws. God's chosen people, sore oppress'd, Cry not in vain for help and rest.
1571.	Lo! Moses' mother the stern edict braves, And Pharaoh's daughter soon the infant saves. In Pharaoh's palace well in learning train'd,
1531.	Moses had forty years of age attain'd, When the Egyptian taskmaster he slew, And then into the wilderness withdrew.
1491.	There, train'd by God, he passes forty years, And then once more in Egypt reappears. See! before Pharaoh he and Aaron stand, And ask to lead God's people from the land. But Pharaoh will not let the people go, And plagues and wonders in the land they show, Each one exalting the Lord God of hosts Above the idols of which Egypt boasts.

1491.

At length the first-born die : in fear and doubt
What next may come, King Pharaoh drives them
out.

1451.

Two thousand and five hundred and thirteen
Eventful years this mortal world had seen,
When Moses lifted up that wond'rous rod,
And through the sea God's people went dry
shod.

1451.

Then forty years through the bare wilderness
They roam, ere they the promised land possess,
Because they hearken'd to the faithless spies ;
Then in full sight of it meek Moses dies ;
And Joshua then, at God's divine command,
Brings them in triumph to the promised land.
They bore with them from Sinai's mount of awe,
Jehovah's great commandments, and the law,
That God, through Moses, to His people gave ;
A law all powerless indeed to save,
But which for His great purposes sufficed,
A schoolmaster to bring men unto Christ.

7. THE PROMISED LAND.

till 1095.
356 years.

Four centuries of Judges then succeed,
In which the chosen people have to fight
Long murd'rous wars in their attempts to weed
Out of the land the heathen Canaanite.
Now mighty men, stout both of heart and hand,
Arose as Judges in the Holy Land.

Full oft they turn'd war's fierce and fitful tide,
And humbled Ammon's and Philistia's pride.

1405. }
1336. }
1325. }
1285. }

Then Othniel, Ehud, Shamgar, play their part,
And Deborah, of bold and manly heart ;

1245.

Gideon, doubting first, but brave and true ;

abt. 1187.

Jephthah, who rashly vows, but keeps his vows ;

abt. 1136.

Samson the mighty, who his thousands slew ;

1156. *d.* 1116.

Eli, who meekly to his sentence bows ;

abt. 1141.

And lastly, Samuel call'd in childhood's days

Holy, and wise, and just in all his ways ;

Yet to the winds the thankless nation flings

Its sworn allegiance to the King of kings,

And seeks its heav'nly Master to supplant ;

It is an earthly monarch that they want.

God hears them, and refuses not their wish,

And Samuel then anoints the son of Kish.

1095.

anointed
1095, 1063.

The lives of Saul and David, so replete

With interest, we need not here repeat.

Full many a page were needful to relate,

Even in outline, their eventful fate.

Go to the sacred pages, they unfold

A wond'rous tale, how marvellously told !

Suffice it that in their successive reigns

Increasing strength the favour'd nation gains,

1015

Till in the reign of Solomon at last,

to
975.

Its wealth and splendour could not be surpass'd

By aught that then was known upon the earth.

But what at best is earthly grandeur worth ?

Wise Solomon confesses, ere he dies,

That all is vanity of vanities.

But yet, before his earthly course was run,

1004.

One great and noble work at least was done :
He built a temple to the Holy One,
Where the Shechinah, glorious, pure, and bright,
Jehovah, symbolized in wond'rous light,
Between the golden cherubim appear.
And lo ! the world has lived three thousand years.

THE FOURTH THOUSAND YEARS.

8. JUDAH AND ISRAEL.

WHEN Solomon had pass'd away, in Rehoboam's
reign,

975. Ten of the tribes revolted, and thus rent the realm
in twain ;

And Israel at Samaria had monarchs of its own,
Now waging war, and now at peace, with those on
Judah's throne.

Too many vile and wicked kings those rival thrones
possess'd ;

But those who govern'd Judah must be counted
far the best.

726 to 698. Amongst those true to God was Hezekiah, greatly
bless'd,

And mighty prophets now arose, holy and full of
grace,

To cast down Baal's altars, and to warn the chosen
race :

For still the stubborn Israelites to heathen idols
turn'd,

And worshipp'd in the groves, and still their babes
to Moloch burn'd.

abt. 906. Elijah on the priests of Baal wreaks his holy ire,
896. And up to heaven is taken in a chariot of fire.

*abt. 758 to
713 or 697.*

Then on Elisha, Shaphat's son, the prophet's
mantle fell,

Isaiah and full many more the coming wrath fore-
tell.

Yet not of wrath alone they tell, but visions pure
and bright,

Of that great coming King, the glorious Lord of
Life and Light.

Alas, they would not hearken, they believ'd not
the report;

For man is ever loth to think his days may be cut
short.

From Nineveh and Babylon came God's chastising
stroke,

And Israel, first, was doom'd to feel a captive's
galling yoke.

725.

Hoshea, last of all her kings attempting to evade
The tribute, which, till then, to proud Assyria he
had paid,

721 or 722.

Is swept by Shalmaneser into Media's sultry plains,
With all the House of Israel, to captivity and
chains.

From that eventful day, B.C. sev'n hundred twenty-
two,

Ne'er did the tribes of Israel reappear to human view.

For upwards of a century may Judah yet be spar'd,
But chastisement as sure, tho' not so lasting, is
prepar'd.

606.

Lo! Judah into bondage next, Nebuchadnezzar
sweeps.

By Babylon's proud waters, sev'nty years the
captive weeps,

- 536.] Till Cyrus, in five thirty-six, releas'd and sent them back,
When Babylon had fall'n in turn, on Cyrus's attack.
520. Zerubbabel soon hastens to rebuild the sacred fane,
But never more what once was there, the Temple shall contain.
The glorious Shechinah to that Temple ne'er returned,
Gone are the Ark, and holy fire with which the off'ring burn'd;
Urim and Thummim, too, are gone, and mute the priest stands by,
Fled from the Holy Temple is the gift of prophecy.
Yet Judah's race for centuries remain'd a nation still,
Humbled or spar'd by conquerors at pleasure and at will,
Although its ancient courage was not wholly lost or gone;
- 166, 15. And brightly once again in Judas Maccabeus shone.
Great Alexander, fear'd and spar'd when he could have destroy'd,
332. And safety at the victor's hands Jerusalem enjoy'd;
63. But Pompey, less magnanimous, the blood of Judah spilt,
- reb. 445. And batter'd down the walls that Nehemiah had rebuilt.
18. Another Temple* yet arose; within its walls the Lord
Gave forth to deaf unwilling ears his pure and holy Word.

* Herod enlarged, or rather rebuilt, the Temple between the years 18 and 8 B.C.

70.

Once more the Light of Glory shines within its
 sacred walls,
 Once more God's people hear the Word, before
 the Temple falls.
 Titus, at last, was destin'd to destroy the sacred
 fane;
 From that disastrous fatal day, Judah ne'er rose
 again.

9. PERSIA AND GREECE.

But in that fourth millennial space
 Of other realms we read
 Besides the great and chosen race
 That nursed the promis'd seed.

B.C.

538.

Whilst Judah wept at Babylon
 B.C. five thirty-eight,
 From Cyrus, the predicted one,
 Babylon met its fate.

And after him twelve monarchs more
 The Persian sceptre wield;
 Soon they invade the Grecian shore,
 But Greece disdains to yield.

480, 490.

The might that conquer'd Babylon
 To Grecia now gives way,
 From Salamis and Marathon,
 Recoiling in dismay.

443.

Greece, soon the mistress of the seas,
Grows stronger every hour.
Four forty-three finds Pericles
At Athens, high in pow'r.

359 to 336.

A hundred years, and Philip reigns
King over Macedon;

331.

Then Persia on Arbela's plains,
Falls vanquish'd by his son.

Yet as some conquering warrior dies
Just as the fight is won,
With Alexander's victories
Sets Grecia's glorious sun.

Or like two coursers in the race
Whom noble ardour fires,
One wins at last the foremost place,
And at the goal expires.

10. GREECE AND ROME.

But whilst these haughty rival states
For chief dominion fight,
Rome, her approaching day awaits
And rises to her height.

Mark well how Greece and Rome had, side by side,
Been borne along on Time's advancing tide.

753.

More than a century before the date
When Romulus first form'd the Roman State,

B.C.	18 EPITOME OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
<i>abt.</i> 884.	Lycurgus, skilful in the arts of peace, Framed his ascetic laws for Southern Greece.
640.	The year that saw Rome's diadem adorn The brow of Ancus, saw wise Solon born. Solon was yet a youth when Draco made
<i>abt.</i> 624.	His cruel laws, which Greece not long obey'd.
<i>acc.</i> 560, <i>d.</i> 527	Contemporary with Pisistratus Was Servius Tullius, King of Rome; and thus
510.	To Hippias, driv'n from Athens, next we come, The year that Tarquin was expell'd from Rome.
449.	Just six years from Virginia's death, the year
443.	When the two censors first in Rome appear,
443.	Great Pericles supreme at Athens reigned, And Grecian art its highest point attain'd; And glorious works of Phidias, at this day The triumph of the sculptor's art display.
360.	Camillus had rebuilt Rome's shatter'd walls— Ahala's sword was vanquishing the Gauls, Just before Philip, King of Macedon, Began his conquering career to run.
336 to 323.	The splendid empire Alexander bought With blood, whilst Rome against the Samnites fought, Cast Rome into the shade, but not for long— A fabric rear'd in haste is seldom strong. Scarcely had Alexander pass'd away When Greece became the Roman eagle's prey.

146.

Then Carthage fell ; and then, from hour to hour,
 Rome conquer'd on, increasing still in power,
 Till, with the Cæsars seated on the throne,
 She seem'd to call the whole wide world her own ;
 Thus, when the Lord of Life was doom'd to die,
 " We have no king but Cæsar," was the cry.

And lo ! at length four thousand years had pass'd ;
 Four more, behold the day-spring from on high.
 Say, canst thou tell how long the world shall last ?
 Perhaps the end may even now be nigh.
 Then turn thee humbly to the Lord, and pray
 For saving grace, while yet 'tis call'd to-day ;
 Then when this earth shall melt with fervent heat,
 Thou in the air thy risen Lord shalt meet,
 And find He hath prepared for thee a place
 To dwell with Him for ever, face to face.

11. DARIUS.

538.

Four monarchs, named Darius, in the East a
 sceptre sway'd ;
 The first of them by Cyrus, King of Babylon was
 made ;
 He who decreed that men should pray to none but
 him, and then
 Cast Daniel, who still worshipp'd God, into the
 lions' den.
 Then, awed by great Jehovah's pow'r, we see the
 monarch own
 His error, and decree that men should worship
 God alone.

B.C.	20 EPITOME OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
521 to 485.	<p>He, uncle of great Cyrus, is in Scripture called the Mede.</p> <p>The second was Hystaspes, made a monarch through his steed ;</p> <p>This was the Persian king whose pride at Marathon was tamed,</p> <p>And who in Holy Scripture is Ahasuerus* named.</p> <p>He, too, became a witness to Jehovah's wondrous ways ;</p>
509.	<p>At Esther's prayer he spares the Jews, and wicked Haman slays.</p>
424 to 405.	<p>The third, Darius Nothus, is less widely known to fame ;</p> <p>Ninth of the Persian kings, he after Sogdianus came.</p>
336 to 331.	<p>The fourth was Codomannus, who was treacherously slain,</p> <p>As, vanquished, he was flying from Arbela's fatal plain.</p>
<div data-bbox="305 866 906 910">12. THE FOUR KINGDOMS OF DANIEL.</div> <div data-bbox="518 917 683 953">DANIEL ii. 31.</div> <div data-bbox="290 953 922 1208"> <p>EIGHT centuries and twenty years before the Saviour's birth,</p> <p>The great Assyrian empire, first of kingdoms on the earth,</p> <p>Came to an end ; and with the fall of that great monarchy</p> <p>Sardanapalus perish'd in the flames of Nineveh.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="290 1215 922 1281"> <p>* Some think Xerxes, others Artaxerxes Longimanus, to have been the Ahasuerus of Scripture.</p> </div>	

- For nearly fourteen centuries that mighty realm
had stood,
2234. Founded by Asshur, son of Shem, a witness of the
flood.
2233. Nimrod about the self-same time had founded
Babylon,
And going forth, as some suppose, the land of
Asshur won ;
While others think that Nineveh continued separate
Two hundred years, when Babylon became the
subject state :
2059. Ninevite Ninus conquer'd it two thousand fifty-nine ;
2007. Semiramis soon after built its gardens fair and fine.
Then for about twelve centuries, proud Nineveh
maintains
The mastery, and Babylon a subject state remains.
The Median Prince Arbaces his allegiance then
disowns,
820. And Babylon and Media set up independent thrones ;
For Nineveh's adversity was Babylon's great hour,
And Babylon soon rivall'd even Nineveh in power.
But yet, though shorn of many states, Assyria had
not ceas'd
To rank amongst the mightiest of empires in the
East.
Of this, its second monarchy, six kings the crown
enjoy'd,
And then this most renown'd of ancient kingdoms
was destroy'd.
770. The first was Pul, who Israel at Samaria assail'd ;
But Israel's time was not yet come, and golden
bribes prevail'd.

735. Soon they were forc'd to bow before the fierce
Tiglath-Pileser,
721. And captive then were swept away at last by
Shalmaneser.
Sennacherib came next, and now 'twas Judah's
turn to fear;
710. But good King Hezekiah's prayer Jehovah deign'd
to hear:
Then Esarhaddon, then Nabuchodonosor succeeds;
Then comes that mighty realm's complete destruc-
tion by the Medes.
606. Nineveh's fall took place six hundred years and
six B.C.,
Mark well the year, the first of Judah's long cap-
tivity:
Cyaxares the Mede dealt forth the final fatal blow,
And Babylon assisted at her rival's overthrow:
Nebuchadnezzar lent his aid from Babylon the
Great,
538. But Babylon in turn must fall, B.C. five thirty-eight.
For after Evil-Merodach, Belshazzar, impious king,
While yet the holy vessels with his heathen orgies
ring,
And ere the fearful writing well has faded from
the walls,
Conquer'd by famous Cyrus, with his ruin'd empire
falls.

Thus fell that mighty head of gold:
Then rose, at God's behest,
The Medo-Persian empire old,
The silver arms and breast.

529. Cambyzes after Cyrus reign'd,
 521. See Smerdis then succeed ;
 521. Darius next the crown obtain'd,
 And ow'd it to his steed.
- Now great Darius presses on
 Athenæ to enslave :
 490. Miltiades at Marathon
 Rolls back the threat'ning wave.
- Proud Xerxes then attempts to seize
 Fair Hellas, but in vain ;
 480. At Salamis Themistocles
 Delivers Greece again.
- But from the earth, God hath proclaimed,
 That silver throne must pass,
 And yield to one how fitly nam'd
 Belly and thighs of brass.
- One hundred years and forty-nine roll'd rapidly
 away,
 Between the fight of Salamis and that eventful day,
 When, in the memorable year three thirty-one B.C.,
 Great Alexander worked out God's immutable
 decree ;
331. Darius Codomannus from the Persian throne was
 hurl'd,
 And Greece became the mistress of the mighty
 eastern world.
334. Granicus could not stop the Macedonian's bold
 career ;
333. Then Issus sees him capture those to Persia's
 monarch dear ;

331.

At length, on famed Arbela's plain, the giant conflict ends,
The Medo-Persian empire to the Grecian phalanx bends.

323.

Not long that Grecian empire held its sway :
With him who founded it, it passed away.
Scarcely had mighty Alexander died,
Ere his ambitious generals divide
The wide-spread empire into sep'rate states ;
And piecemeal thus the torrent it awaits
Whose iron waves, like a resistless flood,
Sweep o'er the world, and deluge it with blood.
Yes, haughty Rome was now to have her day ;
The iron legs, and feet of miry clay,
Colossus-like, the narrow world bestride,
And know no limit to their conqu'ring pride,
Till, rent asunder into kingdoms ten,
The strength of Rome is partly broken ; then
The great and wondrous stone—hewn without
hands,
Destroys their power, and overspreads all lands ;
A mightier empire far than all the rest,
One that shall know no bounds from East to West.
Gold, silver, brass, and iron thrones must cease ;
This lasts for ever—'tis the Throne of Peace.

PART THE SECOND.



A N C I E N T G R E E C E .

ANCIENT GREECE.

13. THE MYTHIC AGE.

A MIST of fable and romance enshrouds
In legendary myth and mystery,
Like some vast ruin, dim amongst the clouds,
The early days of Grecian history.

1263.

Japheth, perhaps, was their Iapetus,
And Noah the Deucalion of old Greece;
And, doubtless, real adventures gave to us
The tale of Jason and his Golden Fleece.

Great Jove was one of Græcia's early kings,
And Hercules a hero, whose renown
For doing wonderful romantic things,
In the Twelve Labours has been handed down.

1493.

If to unravel it we will but stop,
The tale of Cadmus and his dragon's teeth,
That wondrous seed, and yet more wondrous crop,
Is fable, but with hidden truth beneath.

The man who fought and conquered against odds,
In this world's ignorant and early stage,
Soon rank'd among the gods or demigods
Sung by the wand'ring bards of such an age.

When fable thus o'er truth a cobweb spins,
 'Tis difficult to say where truth begins ;
 The following would seem to be the chief
 And leading facts deserving of belief.

14. STATES OF GREECE.

Greece was divided into many states
 Whose jealousies, and rivalries, and hates,
 Join'd to their own internal feuds and broils,
 Inured the people soon to warlike toils.
 Among the states, there first and foremost come
 Athenian Attica—Art's chosen home—
 Epirus, Macedonia, Thessaly,
 The lovely isles that stud the deep blue sea,
 Peloponnesus, with its ocean belt,
 Where Spartan Lacedæmon sternly dwelt,
 With others boasting almost equal fame,
 While yet no sep'rate sovereignty they claim.
 Attica justly claims a chiefest place,
 And thus her early annals we may trace.

15. ATHENS.

EARLY TIMES.

1556.

Cecrops, some fifteen centuries B.C.,
 First founded Athens. Some assert that he
 From Egypt came; but whence soe'er he springs
 He founded a long line of Attic kings.

1184.

1070.

624.

b. 640, d. 558

594.

About B.C. eleven eighty-four,
 A league of warlike kings from Græcia's shore
 Besiege for ten long years the famous walls
 Of Troy, which then with Priam's kingdom falls.
 The year ten sev'nty bringing to a close
 The line of Attic kings, then next arose
 A government with Archons at its head;
 Draco was one of these, of whom 'twas said
 His laws deserv'd to be inscrib'd in blood.
 Then follow'd Solon, upright, wise, and good;
 He soon repeal'd the harsh inhuman code
 Of Draco, and to him Greece truly ow'd
 No little measure of that great renown
 With which her memory comes handed down.

16. PISISTRATUS.

560.

When Solon late in life to Egypt went,
 Pisistratus seiz'd on the government;
 By stratagem the highest pow'r he gain'd,
 But not long undisturb'd at Athens reign'd.
 Internal feuds and quarrels soon arose,
 Megacles and Lycurgus were his foes;
 (Mind, not the lawgiver of Spartan fame,
 But an Athenian noble of that name).
 Pisistratus from Athens twice expell'd,
 At length his enemies completely quell'd,
 And then reigned undisputed and supreme.
 Right well the state he govern'd, it would seem;
 And whilst he play'd a high ambitious part,
 Did much for learning, poetry, and art.

*Fl. abt. 907
or 850.*

To him, indeed, is due our grateful praise,
For having gather'd Homer's scattered lays ;
Uniting, with a true poetic soul,
The fragments into one harmonious whole.

17. THE PISISTRATIDÆ.

514.

And after great Pisistratus,
His sons together reign'd ;
Till murder'd by Harmodius
Hipparchus fell, and Hippias thus
Sole power at Athens gain'd.

Not long, impatient, Athens bears
The tyrant's iron hand.
Hippias, expell'd from Greece, repairs
To Persia ; and with Persia dares
Invade his fatherland.

18. THE PERSIAN INVASIONS.

490.

But Greece with Sparta at the head,
The countless foe defies ;
Miltiades the onset led.
Marathon ! say how well he sped ;
Vanquish'd, Darius flies.

480. Ten years, and yet a mightier mass
 Of warriors Xerxes brought ;
 Thermopylæ! thy narrow pass,
 Held by the brave Leonidas,
 Told him how Sparta fought.

480. But Athens burns ; well, what of this ?
 Greece is not overcome,
 What tho' her famed metropolis
 480. In ashes lies ! soon Salamis
 Sends the proud Xerxes home.

Four ninety saw the fight of Marathon ;
 Four eighty that of Salamis was won.

479. Avenging Greece the flying foe pursued,
 Then in the year B.C. four sev'nty-nine
 Plataea saw the Persian host subdued ;
 Mardonius fell before that onset rude ;
 This glory, false Pausanias, was thine.

19. PERICLES.

Scarcely had Hellas driven from her coast,
 A second time th' invading Persian host,
 When one whom Greece might well be proud to
 own,—
 Perhaps the greatest statesman she has known,—
 Rises to view, and every age agrees
 In honouring the name of Pericles.

469. Ten years had pass'd since fam'd Plataea's strife,
When first he enter'd on his public life ;
Well train'd in youth, endow'd with moral worth,
With the advantage, too, of noble birth ;
In politics alike and warfare skill'd,
A prominent position soon he fill'd,
- 461 & 444. And thus when Cimon and Thucydides
Had both been ostracis'd, then Pericles
Rose to the highest power in the state.
His services indeed were truly great ;
448. The sacred war beheld him at the head
Of proud Athenæ's troops—right well he sped.
445. Eubœa was regain'd by Pericles ;
(Under him fought the poet Sophocles.)
440. Then Samos felt his bold and conqu'ring stroke ;
Samos, that long endur'd the Persian yoke
479. Until Mycale's sea-fight freedom brought,
The self-same year Plataea's fight was fought.
And now, when he from danger and alarm
Had sav'd his country by his warlike arm,
He turn'd his noble mind to arts of peace,
And Athens soon surpass'd the rest of Greece.
Still to this day her glorious works of art,
In ruins, tell how well he play'd his part.
Yet in this time of peace he still foresees
The coming storm that lurks in ev'ry breeze.
To strengthen Athens ev'ry means he plies,
And gives her navy constant exercise.
He saw full well those clouds that low'r'd afar,
Would one day burst and deluge Greece with war.
And so before he died it came to pass :—
First came the pride of false Pausanias ;

435. Corcyra then cast off the hateful yoke
Of Corinth, who from Sparta aid bespoke.
431. Plataea by the Thebans was attack'd,
And straight her quarrel was by Athens back'd.
432. Into revolt then Potidæa rush'd,
But this revolt by Athens soon was crush'd.
Athens was proud, and Sparta was the same;
Each to supremacy in Greece laid claim;
And thus the quarrels of the minor states
Daily increas'd their jealousies and hates,
431. Till war broke out B.C. four thirty-one.
The race of Pericles was nearly run;
But two years more he liv'd. Alas! those years
Wrung from his manly eyes the bitter tears.
430. A pestilence, unparallel'd and dire,
Seem'd with the foes of Athens to conspire;
Pericles saw his children swept away,
Then he himself at last became its prey.
429. Four twenty-nine he died, and left a name,
On which his deadliest foe could cast no blame.

But ere that giant conflict we record,
Which seven and twenty years, with fire and sword
Wasted unhappy Greece, we must premise
A brief account of haughty Sparta's rise.

20. SPARTA, EARLY DAYS.

Peloponnesus truly must have been
In the remotest times a constant scene

B.C.	34 EPITOME OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
2089.	<p>Of warlike feuds amongst its petty kings; But fable over them her mantle flings, And these brief outlines lend us not the space Their mythic legendary lore to trace.</p> <p>On Sicyon's old realm we cannot dwell, Nor ought of Argos or Mycenæ tell; Enough to say, Argos at last is found</p>
<i>abt.</i> 1800.	<p>Head of the petty states spread all around ;</p>
1104.	<p>Till just eleven centuries B.C.,</p>
	<p>Eighty years after Troy had ceased to be, When the fam'd Heraclidæ, as we learn, From Doris to their ancient home return. This was the Dorian conquest known to fame : Helots and slaves the ancient race became ; And Sparta a supremacy then gain'd, Which for eight centuries she still retain'd. Sparta ! a name with ancient glories rife, Deriv'd of old from Lacedæmon's wife. Sparta in early times, unlike the rest Of Grecia's cities, no stout walls possess'd, Deeming her children's stalwart arms the best. Three centuries of little note ensued, Mark'd only by intestine war and feud ; And then Lycurgus rises to our view, Of noble soul, wise, learned, just, and true. He for his rightful king preserv'd the throne Which one less honest would have made his own.</p>
<i>abt.</i> 884.	<p>His laws a firm and sure foundation laid</p>
	<p>For Sparta's greatness. At the last he made The Spartans swear his statutes to maintain Till his return,—and ne'er return'd again.</p>

21. THE MESSENIAN WARS.

- Next the two great Messenian wars occur'd,
 And later on in history a third ;
 Sparta could brook no greatness save her own,
 Messenia therefore must be overthrown.
743. The first B.C. sev'n forty-three arose,
 And twenty years elapsed before its close.
 Aristodemus valiantly contends,
 But all in vain ; subdued, Messenia bends,
723. And with Ithome's fall the first war ends.
- Then peace ensues for eight and thirty years ;
 685. Once more her warlike crest Messenia rears ;
 And Aristomenes shines forth, by far
 The chiefest hero of this second war,
668. Which lasted till B.C. six sixty-eight,
 And then Messenia, vanquish'd, met her fate.
 Ira, her famous mountain stronghold falls,
 And conquering Sparta ruthlessly enthrals
 Vast multitudes among her Helot bands,
 Whilst myriads wander into other lands.
- Two centuries pass by in bondage sore,
 464. Then the Messenians, in four sixty-four,
 Taking advantage of an earthquake dire,
 Yet once again to liberty aspire.
 Ten years of war dispel their hopeful dream ;
 Still at Ithome Sparta rules supreme ;
 Yet the Messenians partially succeed,
 At least from Spartan bondage they are freed ;

455.

Though, driven from the country of their birth,
They wander homeless exiles o'er the earth.

369.

146.

Again a century rolls on, and lo !
Epaminondas strikes the welcome blow
That home and fatherland once more restores,
Brings back the exiles to their native shores,
Making Messenia prosperous and free,
Till in the year one forty-six B.C.
To haughty Rome Achaia bends the knee.

22. THE FIRST PELOPONNESIAN WAR.

431.

430.

429.

429.

427.

The first Peloponnesian war
Four thirty-one began ;
Eleven years of blood and tears
Its cruel course it ran.
To Athens from the country round
The people fly in haste ;
But Spartan Archidamus soon
Lays all the country waste.
Next year the fearful plague breaks out
Within the city walls ;
It rages sore, and Pericles
At length a victim falls.
Platea next we find besieged ;
But two whole years are pass'd
Ere to the Spartan's close blockade
'Tis forced to yield at last.

424. The Spartan leader Brasidas,
 In Thessaly and Thrace,
 Gains many brilliant victories,
 For which we have not space.
 Amphipolis before him falls;
 And when rude Cleon tries
 To wrest it from him, Brasidas
 422. Defeats the foe, and dies.
 While Sparta thus prevail'd on land,
 Athens by sea excell'd;
 428. And Mytilene's bold revolt
 Was soon completely quell'd.
 425. At Pylus too, Demosthenes
 (Not he who spoke so well)
 Prevail'd, and into Cleon's hands
 424. Four hundred Spartans fell.
 But Cleon, who against a peace
 Had ever raised his voice,
 422. Falls at Amphipolis; and now
 The friends of peace rejoice.
 Both sides, grown weary of the war,
 By Nicias are sway'd;
 421. And in four twenty-one B.C.
 Through him a peace is made.

23. THE SECOND PELOPONNESIAN WAR.

416. Remain at peace for fifty years!
 The hope, alas! was vain;
 And thanks to Alcibiades,
 Five years brought war again.

416.

The fable of the wolf and lamb
Would fitly serve to tell
How wolfish Athens took offence,
And how weak Melos fell.

415.

Next, Athens both by sea and land
Famed Syracuse assail'd ;
She might perhaps have ruled the world
Had this attack prevail'd ;

But bravely Syracuse holds out,
And each assault withstands ;
Recall'd is Alcibiades,
And Nicias commands.

But Nicias, irresolute,
Still wastes the time away ;
Demosthenes, with succours sent,
Ill brooks the long delay.

413.

Then comes the onslaught terrible,
The fearful night attack ;
A small but brave Bœotian band
Drives the Athenian back.

d. 412.

Complete defeat by sea ensues,
And total rout on shore ;
Demosthenes and Nicias
Never see Athens more.

Yet though proud Athens thus is foil'd,
Sparta, 'twas not by thee ;
Thou yet shalt feel that Athens holds
The mastery at sea.

411 to 407.

After this Alcibiades
Victorious, laurels won
At Cynossema, Cyzicus,
Byzantium, Chalcedon.

406.

The Spartan and Athenian fleets
At Arginusæ meet ;
And Lacedæmon there sustains
A terrible defeat.

But the victorious admirals
Athens condemns to die ;
Because, forsooth, the slain, unburn'd,
In ocean buried lie.

405.

But mark war's strange vicissitudes :
Next year Lysander won
The fight of Ægos Potamos,
And lo ! the war was done.

404.

But, first, the terrors of a siege
Athens was doom'd to bear ;
Alas ! no Alcibiades,
No Pericles was there.

Defeated Athens had to sign
A hard and humbling peace ;
And Sparta thus for thirty years
Became supreme in Greece.

415.

Famed Syracuse became the scene
Of war, four hundred and fifteen ;

413. But two years later, Athens foil'd
And beaten, from the siege recoil'd.
Four hundred years and six, B.C.
406. Came Arginusæ's victory.
Then the next year Athenæ's loss
405. At famous Ægos Potamos.
B.C. Four hundred years and four
404. Saw Athens sink to rise no more.

b. abt. 450.

24. ALCIBIADES.

Train up a child in the way he should go,
And he will not depart from it when he is old;
Weeds in the spring-time permitted to grow,
In the autumn of life will be rampant and bold.

The youth of Alcibiades
Was much with vices stain'd;
No spotless name succeeded these,
When manhood he attain'd.

Brilliant, yet wanting self-control,
Though born of noble race;
The lofty self-denying soul
In him we fail to trace.

422. Unceasingly when Cleon fell,
His voice for war contends,
416. Unhappy Melos! thou canst tell
How soon he gain'd his ends.

Recall'd from Syracuse to meet
 The charges of his foes,
 Too soon his treason is complete ;
 To Sparta's side he goes.

412.

But Sparta found him not more true
 Than Athens had before,
 And soon to Persia he withdrew,
 A traitor thus once more.

Here he so artfully employs
 His skill in dark intrigue,
 That Tissaphernes he decoys
 To quit the Spartan league.

411 to 407.

Athens is glad to welcome back
 So powerful a son.
 Sparta soon feels his fierce attack,
 And many a fight is won.

407.

'Twas now that Alcibiades
 His laurels fairly earn'd ;
 But four whole years of victories
 Elaps'd ere he return'd.

At Athens, then, with transport hail'd,
 Chief general he became ;
 But when the fleet at Notium fail'd,
 On him they cast the blame.

406.

Forc'd into exile once again,
 Towards Persia now he flies ;
 His house is burn'd, and he is slain,
 And all unhonour'd dies.

404.

25. THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

529. In battle with Queen Tomyris, Cyrus the Great
was kill'd;
And after him the Persian throne no other Cyrus
fill'd.
Five twenty-nine B.C. beheld that mighty Cyrus
slain—
A century elapses ere we meet the name again;
And then a son of Nothus, as the younger Cyrus
known,
401. Attempts to drive his brother Artaxerxes from
the throne.
Aided by thirteen thousand Greeks, the crown he
strove to gain,
401. And won the day, but lost his life, upon Cunaxa's
plain.
Then wily Tissaphernes, at a banquet to the Greeks,
His malice on their general, Clearchus, basely
wreaks.
Who now shall save the Grecian host, encom-
pass'd round with foes?
400. Lo! in the trying crisis famous Xenophon arose.
Forth from the plains of Babylon ten thousand
men he led:
Across the burning plains—along the Tigris bank
they sped—
Over the rugged mountains, and through many a
deep defile,
Wending their weary way, at death and danger
still they smile;

- Over Armenia's table-land still bravely on they bore—
 Reaching at length Trapezus, on the Euxine's southern shore ;
 399. And marching to Chrysopolis, three ninety-nine B.C.,
 Accomplish'd a retreat surpass'd by none in history.

26. THRASYBULUS.

404. On prostrate Athens Sparta now imposed
 The Thirty Tyrants ; but their rule was brief.
 Brave Thrasybulus came to her relief,
 403. And soon the Thirty Tyrants' reign he closed.
- 'Twas Thrasybulus, who his aid had lent
 Democracy in Athens to restore,
 When Athens, only eight short years before,
 411. Drove the Four Hundred from the government.

27. AGESILAUS.

*b. abt. 440,
 d. 360.*

404. Athens was humbled—Sparta was supreme ;
 Though ill she used her conquest, it would seem.
 But in the scanty interval of peace
 That now ensued, so prosperous was Greece,
 That we can only wonder and lament
 Over her centuries in warfare spent.
 But Sparta was both proud, and selfish too.
 Supreme in Greece, she only kept in view

B.C.	44 EPITOME OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
<i>acc.</i> 398.	Her aggrandizement, caring not for those Who, not secured as friends, soon turn'd to foes. Yet profiting at first by peace at home, Agesilaus, who had now become
396 to 394.	Her king, leads forth her armies to the plains Of Asia Minor, and in these campaigns Many a Persian satrapy he wastes, The bitter cup first Pharnabazus tastes ; A fresh campaign was then with skill prepared, And then no better Tissaphernes fared. But danger greater far at home impends,
394.	And Sparta for Agesilaus sends. Thebes, Argos, Corinth foes to Sparta rise ; In vain to stem the threat'ning tide she tries, For Conon, ever brooding o'er the loss Athens had met at Ægos Potamos, Aided by Pharnabazus, soon defeats
394.	Pisander, who his death at Cnidus meets. Full soon the scale Agesilaus turns ; Fresh laurels he at Coronea earns. This in three ninety-four B.C. took place ; And then, altho' 'tis needless here to trace The part which each in this great drama play'd,
387.	The treaty of Antalcidas was made. A little while these fierce dissensions cease, And Hellas has an interval of peace.

28. THEBES.

- Peace! 'twas a mockery to name the word,
While Sparta had the strength to wield a sword.
Olinthus much too powerful is grown ;
Well then, Olinthus must be overthrown.
Straightway a Spartan army issues forth,
And Phœbidas conducts it towards the north.
It chanced that ancient Thebes lay in his way,
And Thebes to Sparta soon became a prey.
For Leontiades, with Sparta's aid,
Succeeded in a plot that he had laid
The highest office in the state to gain ;
The Polemarch Ismenias was slain ;
Many a Theban patriot was expell'd,
And Sparta basely the Cadmea held.
382. But there were souls in Thebes who could not
rest,
Whilst by a foe their country was oppress'd ;
And these, with some who bore an exile's lot,
At length contriv'd a deep and daring plot.
379. Three seventy-nine B.C. they struck the stroke,
Expell'd the Spartans, and threw off the yoke.
This Sparta could not brook ; the prize was
great,
Thebes might become too powerful a state ;
And Cleombrotus, taking the command,
378. Invades Boeotia, and lays waste the land.
-

29. LEUCTRA.

378.

Athens, scarce yet recover'd from the smart
 Of former wars, at first took little part
 In all these conflicts, but was now aroused,
 And thoroughly the Theban cause espoused.
 Sphodrias, one of Sparta's generals,
 Insulted her beneath her very walls.
 So when Agesilaus took command,
 Whilst Chabrias defeats his schemes on land,
 The fleet of Athens, under Conon's son,
 Timotheus, no small successes won.
 Now as the time rolls on, stern Sparta finds
 That Thebes has generals and lofty minds.
 Of these amongst the foremost we must class
 Epaminondas and Pelopidas,
 Whose splendid talents in that trying hour
 Rais'd Thebes from ruin to the height of pow'r ;
 For Cleombrotus, marching north again,
 At Leuctra is discomfited and slain.

371.

Three sev'nty-one B.C. Epaminondas won
 Great Leuctra's victory, surpass'd indeed by none ;
 The first red lurid glare of Sparta's setting sun.

 30. EPAMINONDAS.

Then follow'd peace for just a little space ;
 'Twas brought about by Jason, King of Thrace,

- Who fear'd that Thebes might thwart his schemes
of pride,
370. Though ere he could fulfil them, Jason died.
But peace could not last long in Greece. Tegea,
With the Arcadian States and Mantinea,
Shake Sparta off; Sparta resents the act,
And in her turn is now by Thebes attack'd.
A mighty Theban army issues forth;
369. Down sweeps Epaminondas from the north,
Laying the intermediate country waste;
'Tis Sparta's turn war's fearful woes to taste.
Still, still Epaminondas presses on,
If Sparta fall, his task indeed is done.
Sparta itself at last the foe has reach'd,
And Sparta has no ramparts to be breach'd.
See! in her hippodrome the Theban stands,
And Neptune's sacred fane is in his hands.
But who shall beard the lion in his den?
The very name of Sparta sav'd her then.
Not daring to attack, the Thebans pause,
Epaminondas soon his force withdraws;
Sparta is sav'd from her impending fate,
But all around is spoil'd and desolate.
Messenia too, which so much blood had cost,
Is liberated and by Sparta lost.
Then Athens all her ancient hate forgot,
And with her former foe cast in her lot,
Though all in vain Iphicrates would stay
The now returning Thebans on their way.
And thus Epaminondas, having earn'd
For Thebes the chiefest rank in Greece, re-
turn'd.

367.

Arcadia next again asserts her rights,
 But Archidamus, sent against her, fights
 That tearless battle, where, historians tell,
 Not one of all his Spartan warriors fell.
 But soon the very friends of Thebes became
 More and more jealous of her rising fame ;
 And when fresh troubles in Tegea rose,
 Thebes, interfering, met with nought but foes.
 Arcadia, Athens, and Achaia too,
 Their swords against her in the balance threw.
 But while Epaminondas is alive,
 The Theban cause, in spite of all, must thrive.
 Consummate skill his movements all display.
 Finding Agesilaus sent away,
 Once more he threatens Sparta, though in vain ;
 Agesilaus hastens back again.
 Sparta once more is rescued from the foe,
 Though soon to meet a last disastrous blow.
 And lo ! at Mantinea's fatal fray,
 Epaminondas, as he pass'd away,
 Wrested from Sparta's brow the laurel crown,
 Through centuries of valour handed down.

362.

b. 382.
 d. 336.

31. PHILIP OF MACEDON.

Not long was Thebes to be the chief
 Among the states of Greece ;
 Her proud supremacy was brief,
 And destin'd soon to cease.

359.

Pelopidas to Thebes had brought
A hostage young in years ;
And well in war and wisdom taught,
A hero soon appears.

Philip the Great of Macedon
Never sustain'd defeat ;
And Greece, before his course was run,
Confess'd his sway complete.

Perdiccas, Philip's brother, died,
Amyntas was his son ;
But Philip set the youth aside,
Thus was his reign begun.

At first not unopposed he reign'd :—
Argæus claim'd the throne ;
Philip Edessa's vict'ry gain'd,
And made it all his own.

Unlike most conquerors of old,
He show'd himself humane ;
No captives he to bondage sold
But set them free again.

358.

A peace with Athens now he tries,
And gives her, as her due,
Amphipolis, his conquer'd prize,
And Potidæa too.

And now his great ambitious views
Need not a false pretext ;
The fierce Pæonians he subdues,
And the Illyrians next.

But Athens holds his friendship light,
Her memory is short :
She seizes Pydna,—his by right,—
Indeed, his only port.

Incensed, and justly too, by this,
With Athens soon he breaks ;
And Pydna, and Amphipolis,
And Potidæa takes.

Now come the glorious war in Thrace
And marvellous successes :
He wins the fight,—his horse the race ;
And he a son caresses.

356.

Then, greater than a victory,—
Perhaps his greatest feat,—
Whilst liberating Thessaly,
His masterly retreat.

354.

355.

A second sacred war meantime
Most of the States engaged ;
This war on Phocis for the crime
Of sacrilege was waged.

But Philomelus valiantly
The Phocian cause defends.
On his death, aid to Thessaly
Brave Onomarchus lends.

353.

But Onomarchus being slain
And Lycophron o'erthrown,
Their freedom the Thessalians gain
Through Philip's aid alone.

346.

After ten long and weary years,
This sacred war he closed ;
And just and generous appears
In all that he proposed.

The famed Amphictyons among
Now Philip takes his seat,
Who, arbiters of right and wrong,
In solemn council meet.

In Greece so prominent a star
Athens but ill could brook ;
And more or less, in every war
A part against him took.

At sea her honour to uphold
Chares completely fails,
Whilst Philip with Crenidæ's gold,
Fast multiplies his sails.

Often, indeed, Demosthenes
Sought Athens to alarm ;
Till his Philippics by degrees
Prevail'd on her to arm.

339.

Amphissa's sacrilege full fast
A sacred war brought on.
Amphissa fell, and then at last,
Jealous of Macedon,

338.

Athens and Thebes their strength unite,
Great Philip's course to stay ;
But Chæronea's famous fight
O'erthrows them in a day.

336.

Thus at his feet had Philip laid
Most of the Grecian states,
And now proud Persia to invade
Boldly he contemplates.

'Twas not to be.—Pausanias
Cut short the monarch's life.
The deed, some thought, Olympias
Connived at though his wife.

Rarely indeed those ages knew
One quite unstain'd with crimes.
Philip had faults, but they were few,
And common to the times.

And though his vast ambition must
Be ever deem'd a stain,
Philip was generous and just,
Sagacious and humane.

32. ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—GREECE.

Well may it need a muse of nobler pow'rs
To tell of famous Alexander's might;
But yet that task shall not in vain be ours,
If we portray his character aright.

Great! yes, if greatness truly can consist
With such fierce impulses of good and ill;
Magnanimous when none his sword resist,
Savage to those who thwart his sov'reign will.

But let us first the wond'rous tale relate,
 How half the world he conquered—how he fell;
 And whether he deserv'd the name of "Great,"
 The story of his actions best will tell.

356. Born in three fifty-six, his early years
 Gave promise of a great ambitious mind—
 His father's victories he hails with tears,
 Lest he himself no field of fame should find.

Bucephalus, that most renown'd of steeds,
 Whilst yet a stripling fearlessly he tames;
 Then, at eighteen, war's fierce assault he leads,
 338. And Chæroneæ's chiefest glory claims.

336. Three thirty-six beheld him on the throne,
 At twenty years a chief Amphictyon:
 The States of Greece now hasten to disown
 The sov'reign sway of haughty Macedon.

They little know with whom they have to deal;
 Full well he proves himself brave Philip's son;
 And Thebes, and Athens, and the rest soon feel
 That he will never lose what Philip won.

335. To quell the rude barbarians in the north,
 Full soon the Danube's mighty stream is cross'd;
 The moment seems propitious, Thebes stands forth
 Once more in bold revolt; 'tis to her cost.

She bitterly repents of having brav'd
 The wrath which yet she might have turn'd
 away—
 Thousands are slain, and one sole fabric sav'd
 Tells how completely Thebes in ruin lay.

334. Chosen at Corinth to command the force
 Destin'd to conquer many an eastern host,
 With scarcely forty thousand foot and horse,
 Three thirty-four the Hellespont he cross'd.

33. ALEXANDER.—THE MARCH TO EGYPT.

334. Soon at Granicus, in the foremost rank,
 He plunges in ; and, giving loose the reins
 To brave Bucephalus, he mounts the bank,
 Slays Mithridates, and the battle gains.
333. He visits Troy, and, passing round the coast,
 Arrives next year at Gordium, the spot
 Where for the struggle he collects his host,
 And with his falchion cuts the famous knot.
333. A conqueror on Issus' plain he stands ;
 From that wild rout Darius flies for life,
 Leaving in no ungen'rous captor's hands
 All that he loves—his children, mother, wife.
332. And southward now his conquering footsteps bend ;
 Alas for Tyre, she dares but shut a gate.
 Sev'n months elapse—the siege attains an end,
 No words can paint the city's cruel fate.
- Jerusalem submits, and she is spar'd.
 Behold proud Alexander bowing low
 Before her high priest. What if she had dar'd
 To thwart him, would he then have spar'd her
 so ?

Answer it, Gaza ! Thou didst but refuse
 To yield to one whom none had yet withstood ;
 Ten thousand, sold as slaves, their freedom lose,
 And Betis bathes his chariot wheels in blood.

331. Egypt submits, and so no blood is spilt.
 Jupiter Ammon finds he has a son ;
 And famous Alexandria is built.
 Of twenty, call'd the same, this was but one.



34. ALEXANDER.—PERSIA AND THE EAST.

331. The Persian monarch's fate is now at hand ;
 Arbela witnesses the fatal blow.
 That brazen phalanx nothing can withstand ;
 Three thirty-one sees Persia's overthrow.

The traitor Bessus treacherously slays
 His King, as from that fatal field he flies ;
 But Alexander in the end repays
 The traitor's deed, and Bessus tortured dies.

331. Now, mighty Babylon and Susa yield ;
 Yet not unsullied is the glory earned—
 The flaming torch his wanton courtiers wield,
 And recklessly Persepolis is burn'd.

- But worlds, unconquer'd yet, lie further on :
 His martial soul pants for new battle fields.
 Eastward he marches, provinces are won,
 329. And Sogdianus to his prowess yields.

- Alas! the noble features of his mind
 Were now debased and spoil'd by his success.
 Clitus, the friend who saved his life, we find
 Slain by the monarch in his drunkenness.
- Roxana was a Bactrian princess,
 Who, taken captive in a mountain strife,
 Forced by her charms the victor to confess
 328. Himself subdued, and she became his wife.
327. Onward he goes; the Indus now is pass'd;
 Soon Porus meets this king of conquerors;
 Nobly he fights, but is subdued at last,
 And Alexander all his realm restores.
- Men cannot stop his path, but nature may.
 At last, full near the Ganges' sacred tide,
 The rains of India check his onward way,
 327—326. And murmurings are heard on every side.
- And Alexander no more glory earns—
 His great career of victory is done;
 325. Three twenty-five to Susa he returns,
 And thence, last scene of all, to Babylon.

35. ALEXANDER.—THE LAST YEARS.

Marvellous were the efforts which he made
 In organizing his vast mighty realm;
 Ably the politician's part he play'd,
 And guided well and skilfully the helm.

324.

A second wife, Statira, now he weds,
The daughter of Darius, once his foe.
Alas! the path that now the monarch treads
Is one that lays both mind and body low.

Intemperance is seldom found alone ;
From that foul source too many vices flow ;
A hero ne'er in battle overthrown
Ignobly yields to passions base and low.

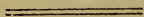
323.

Thus perish'd, at the age of thirty-two,
B.C. three twenty-three, at Babylon,
One whose ambitious pride no limit knew—
The greatest conqueror the world has known.

An instrument in God's Almighty hand,
To change the fate of nations was his lot ;
Few, few, perhaps, could such a trial stand,
And pass through such a life without a blot.

Matchless in valour—oft in victory
Magnanimous—and generous of mind ;
Unselfish—with a soul for poetry—
Skill'd in the art of governing mankind ;

Vain of a fabled birth ; and oftentimes,
When thwarted, fiercely savage in his hate ;
Led by base passions into many crimes :—
Judge if he truly earn'd the name of " Great."



36. THE FATE OF GREECE.

301.

Alas for Greece! her glory was obscur'd,
 Not heighten'd, by this Empire of the East;
 Which only for the monarch's life endur'd,
 Then, parcell'd out in fragments, wholly ceas'd.

d. 301.

Seleucus seiz'd on Syria rich and fair;
 Ptolemy Lagus fertile Egypt gains;
 Antipater of Greece obtains a share;
 Antigonus awhile in Asia reigns.

280.

Lysimachus takes Thrace, and Eumenes
 Possesses Cappadocia as his own;
 Thus, at his death, his proud lieutenants seize
 The mighty realms that Alexander won.

One last bright flash the world may yet behold,
 Ere humbled Greece becomes a Roman State,
 When Pyrrhus leads his Grecian warriors bold,
 Victorious nearly to Rome's very gate.

But soon the States of Greece, each in its turn,
 Enfeebled and degenerate must bend,
 And haughty Rome's supremacy must learn;
 The history of Greece was at an end.

37. EARTHLY LIGHT.

Greece, mighty Greece, had fall'n to rise no more;
 But still to live for ages yet to come:
 Aye, till the world itself shall pass away,
 Fresh in the memories of wond'ring men,

	<p>The type of all that men think beautiful And great, in learning, poetry, and art. Her very name straight conjures up to view The shadows of her great and glorious sons, Rising colossal through the mist of time, Grand as the monuments that still remain Where once her poets sang, and heroes fought. What is there in which Greece did not excel? Whilst other lands may boast of one or two Philosophers, she, with a host besides,</p>
<i>fl.</i> 531 <i>b.</i> 468.	Had her Pythagoras and Socrates,
<i>b.</i> 429, <i>b.</i> 384,	Plato and Aristotle—famous names—
<i>d.</i> 212.	With Archimedes. In the field of Law,
<i>abt.</i> 884, }	Noble Lycurgus and wise Solon, too,
<i>abt.</i> 594. }	Stand forth pre-eminent. In Poetry
	Of every kind, the Grecian claims a rank
<i>fl.</i> 907 or 850.	Second to none—from Homer's epic grand
<i>fl.</i> 427.	To Aristophanes of comic vein.
<i>b.</i> 525, <i>b.</i> 495,	Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides,
<i>b.</i> 480.	In tragedy ;—In History, we find
<i>b.</i> 484, <i>b.</i> 471.	Herodotus, Thucydides, and then
<i>b.</i> <i>abt.</i> 444.	The warrior and historian Xenophon.
	In Lyric Poetry pre-eminent,
<i>fl.</i> 611, <i>fl.</i> 531	Sappho, Anacreon, and Pindar sang.
<i>b.</i> 518.	In Sculpture, Phidias, as yet unmatch'd,
<i>b.</i> <i>abt.</i> 490.	Praxiteles, and many more she boasts,
<i>fl.</i> 364.	Whose names are lost, altho' their works remain
	To stamp her excellence. The painter's work
	Was all too perishable: envious Time
	Has left us nothing; yet we cannot doubt
<i>fl.</i> 424 to 400. }	That Zeuxis and Protogenes surpass'd
<i>fl.</i> 332 to 300. }	All but Apelles, chiefest of them all.
<i>fl.</i> 336 to 323.	

d. 527 *d.* 429.*d.* 336.

480.

Where shall we find the Statesmen that excelled
 Pisistratus and famous Pericles,
 Or Philip, skill'd alike in peace and war ?
 Then as for heroes, we may count the stars
 As easily as those who died for Greece.
 Thermopylæ, in savage grandeur clad,
 So sternly great in sure self-sacrifice
 And utter hopelessness of victory,
 And Marathon whose fame shall never die,
 Stand forth like constellations; noble stars
 Of greatest magnitude, Leonidas
 And brave Miltiades, attract the eye;
 But was there not a nebula in each
 Of countless minor glories, all unnamed ?

And then we pause. Is it not passing strange
 That such a nation should have lived and died
 And never known, in all its great career,
 The God, who yet as surely from his throne
 Beheld their every act, and knew each thought
 As though they had been martyrs for his word ?
 Light without God ! Yes, truly, but the light
 Of intellect alone. And intellect,
 Although it shines so nobly forth in man,
 The reflex of the wisdom throned on high ;
 Although with virtue link'd and probity,
 It raises man above the common herd ;
 And joined to perfect love and perfect faith,
 Raises his soul to all that he can hope
 To be on earth ; yet, by itself alone,
 Is but a worthless, vain, and useless thing
 To save the soul. This light, indeed, was theirs :

What was its use to them? ay, ev'n to those
In whom it shone; and doubtless they were few—
Too few compared with myriads around
In darkness plunged. Let Paul of Tarsus tell
What Rome and Corinth, with their earthly light
(Excell'd perhaps by none) became at last!
Thou to whom God has now reveal'd himself,
Thou hast a purer light; be warn'd by them:
Let not the cultivation of thy mind
Be all thy care, or ev'n thy chiefest care.
Remember that the issues both of life
And death are from the heart and not the mind.
God gives to thee his pure and holy word:
If thou wouldst understand his wondrous ways,
From Scripture only may those ways be learned.
What says the Scripture? "In my Father's house
Are many mansions." We are also told
That Gentile nations who have not the law,
Yet do by nature what the law commands,
Are to themselves a law. A thousand years
With God are only as a single day;
And, if we but reflect, a multitude
That seems to our weak finite minds so great,
May be as nothing in comparison
With all the vast innumerable hosts
Of creatures, or of this or other worlds,
Whom, if we be God's children, we may meet
One day, adoring round th' eternal throne.
But let us well beware, nor waste away
The little time we yet may call our own
In useless speculations. Let us learn
From Ancient Greece this lesson: Intellect,

Courage, and skill in art, may all consist
With ignorance of God. In thankfulness
Let us right humbly bend our hearts to love
The merciful Creator who has giv'n
To us a brighter light—a promise sure,
Such as they never had of old—that those
Who love and honour Him, and do His will,
Shall, for the sake of One who died for all,
Hereafter dwell with Him, and taste of joys
Imperishable, and surpassing far
All that our finite minds can comprehend.

PART THE THIRD.



ANCIENT ROME.

ANCIENT ROME.

38. ÆNEAS.

- abt.* 1187. ABOUT twelve hundred years B.C., while Jephthah
rashly vowed,
1184. The walls of Troy before the banded Grecian
monarchs bowed:
Great Agamemnon, keen Ulysses, Nestor, wise
and old,
Wrong'd Menelaus, Ajax loud, Achilles brave and
bold:—
Æneas fled the city with a small but chosen band,
Anchises on his back, he led Ascanius by the hand,
But lost his wife Creusa 'mid the slaughter and
the flame,
And, tempest-toss'd, the sea he cross'd, and thus
to Latium came.
But did he visit Carthage,—did he see Queen
Dido there?
No, for he lived three hundred years before that
lady fair:
- d.* 884. Queen Dido's aunt was Ahab's queen, the wicked
Jezebel,
But Judges still rul'd Israel in the days when
Ilium fell.

Latinus welcom'd well his guest, escap'd from
storm and slaughter,
And gave to him in marriage soon Lavinia fair,
his daughter.

Æneas brought a son with him, Ascanius, born at
Troy ;

His Latin wife, Lavinia, bore him soon another boy ;
This son, Æneas Silvius, all the Latian realm
retains ;

Ascanius Alba Longa founds, and separately reigns.

39. ROMULUS AND REMUS.

Four hundred years roll on, and then King Numitor
we find

Dethron'd by fierce Amulius, tho' his brother ; yes,
but mind,

Numitor had a daughter, Rhea Sylvia, who had
twins,

Named Romulus and Remus,—mighty Rome with
them begins.

Amulius fear'd to let them live, and hence the
cruel doom ;

“ The infants to the Tiber, and the mother to the
tomb : ”

But Faustus, the shepherd, to the infants' rescue
came ;

Laurentia Lupa suckled them, no she-wolf but in
name.

The boys grew up to man's estate, and rustic
quarrels bring

753.

Them face to face with Numitor,—again they make
 him king ;
 They slay the fierce Amulius who had robb'd them
 of their home,
 And then, seven fifty-three B.C., they found that
 famous Rome.
 Alas! the work begins in blood, and with the
 crime of Cain,
 For Remus is by Romulus, his own twin brother,
 slain.

40. KINGS OF ROME.

On seven hills the city stood,
 Close by the Tiber's yellow flood ;
 And seven kings in order came,
 First founders of its future fame.

Kings rul'd in Rome from seven fifty-three,
 Till Tarquin's fall, five hundred nine B.C.

753, 714.

671

640.

616.

577.

534.

Romulus first, and Numa second,
 Tullus Hostilius third is reckon'd,
 The fourth is Ancus Martius grim,
 Tarquinius Priscus follows him ;
 Sixthly, Servius Tullius reigns,
 The seventh and last alone remains ;
 Tarquinius, call'd Superbus, brings
 Soon to a close the list of kings.

750.

716.

667.

Romulus builds, and with a wall surrounds
 The city, and the Roman senate founds ;
 Forms the Patrician and Plebeian classes,
 With patrons, and dependent client masses ;
 The city into parishes divides,
 And boldly gives his people Sabine brides ;
 Becomes a tyrant towards the close of life,
 And dies at last by the assassin's knife.

Numa Pompilius gives the Roman nation
 A quiet reign of peace and legislation.

Tullus the wars of Romulus renews,
 And many a neighb'ring nation he subdues ;
 The warlike Sabine first before him quails,
 Then Veii and Fidenæ he assails ;
 See ! young Horatius flies across the plain,
 No coward's flight ; look, now he turns again ;
 His scatter'd foes with ease are overcome,
 And Alba Longa bows to conqu'ring Rome.

The next reign, that of Ancus Martius, shows
 Many successes over Latin foes.

The sons of Ancus, when their father died,
 Were by Tarquinius Priscus set aside.
 This monarch's reign was mark'd by great success
 In war, and in the works of peace no less ;
 Rome's mighty sewers to this day proclaim
 The noble things this Tarquin did for fame.

But of the kings of Rome, as all attest,
 Great Servius Tullius was by far the best :

He lighten'd taxes,—eas'd the people's loads,
Constructed many public works and roads ;
And though he was himself a king, he still
Curtail'd the sov'reign's power of doing ill.
Wisely and well he govern'd, but at length,
Hurl'd from the throne by haughty Tarquin's
strength,
His mangled body in the public street,
Proud Tullia spurns beneath her horses' feet.

509.

By violence proud Tarquin gains the throne,
His tyranny soon makes his country groan ;
His nephew Sextus, too, by his misdeeds,
Adds fuel to the flame,—Lucretia bleeds,—
And Rome arous'd to vengeance by that stroke,
Expels the Tarquins, and shakes off the yoke.

And while the warlike sons of ancient Rome
Were thus developing those mighty powers,
That afterwards subdued the whole known world,
The chosen race of God had ceased to be
An independent nation of the earth.
The favoured people, who had once obeyed
No less a monarch than the Lord of Hosts,
Had cast Him off; and now they found themselves
In turn cast off by Him; their earthly kings
Availing nought to save them from their foes.
The reign of Romulus had not yet closed,
When haughty Shalmaneser swept away
The house of Israel :—Priscus still was king,
When Judah's sore captivity began.
Unsearchable, indeed, are all His ways.

The chosen race is smitten to the dust,
Others, that know not God, are destined soon
To rule the world. Yet though they knew Him
not,

Think ye the Great Creator of them all
Ruled less supreme at Athens, or at Rome,
Than in Jerusalem? Be well assured
That, tho' our hearts be ignorant of God,—
Whether from want of light or wilfully,—
He still is ever near, about our path,
About our bed, and seeth all our ways.
The hunted bird on Afric's burning plains
May hide its head, and think itself unseen,
It does but hasten its impending fate :
Destruction follows, with unerring step,
On wilful blindness. God hath giv'n to thee
The light, and hath reveal'd to thee his will.
Cast off the darkness that enshrouds thy heart ;
Look up to Him in answ'ring love and faith ;
Praying for strength to keep thyself unstain'd
By those dark passions that deface and blot
Too many a page of this world's history ;
For strength to keep within that narrow path
That leads to certain and eternal bliss,
Through One in his good pleasure not reveal'd
To Ancient Greece and Rome, but in his love
Reveal'd to thee—thine only way to heav'n,
And the ensample for thy life on earth.

41. CONSULS.

509 or 508.

No more by haughty monarchs vex'd,
 The Romans choose two Consuls next;
 Lictors before them fasces bear,
 And they can only rule one year.
 See Collatinus first in turn,
 With Lucius Junius Brutus stern;
 Stern, but so just that, with unfalt'ring breath,
 His sons rebelling he condemns to death.

42. THE WARS OF THE TARQUINS.

508.

Now many a neighb'ring state with Tarquin sides,

507.

The Volsci first Publicola defeats;

Lars Porsena to Rome triumphant rides,

But at the bridge Horatius Cocles meets.

Who to beleaguer'd Rome shall succour lend?

See Mutius, with his right hand in the flame,

Turning Lars Porsena from foe to friend,

And earning for himself a deathless name.

499.

Next come the Latins to proud Tarquin's aid,

And Titus Lartius is dictator made.

A truce ensues, but scarce a twelvemonth later,

The Romans choose Posthumus as dictator,

For Tarquin's cause again the Latins aid,

And Rome with forty thousand men invade.

498.

But Lake Regillus sees its silver flood,

Dy'd crimson with the vanquish'd Latins' blood;

And Rome for ages to her children boasts,

Castor and Pollux fought among her hosts.

43. CORIOLANUS.

- Yet scarcely is the outward foe repuls'd,
When Rome is by domestic feuds convuls'd;
493. And Tribunes now the populace elect,
Their rights from the Patricians to protect.
Lo ! now to arms the warlike Volsces fly,
493. But Caius Marcius takes Corioli,
And by his valour wins undying fame,
491. Yet, banish'd by the populace,—oh, shame !
He joins the Volsces, and thus lifts his hand
To wage fierce war against his fatherland.
Ruin soon threatens Rome ; but Caius hears
489. His wife's entreaties—sees his mother's tears.
Alas ! he proves a traitor once again,
Draws off the Volsces, and by them is slain.
488. 'Twas in the year B.C. four eighty-eight
Unhappy Caius Marcius met his fate.
Twenty eventful years had passed away,
Since last a king in Rome had held his sway.
-

44. CINCINNATUS.

The next great man who ruled Rome's destiny
Was Cincinnatus, who in years gone by
Had filled the highest offices of State ;
Then, with a modesty most truly great,
Retir'd again to till his humble farm ;
But, in the day of danger and alarm,

458.

Chosen dictator, from the plough he goes,
And saves Minutius hemm'd around by foes.
In fourteen days he gains the laurel crown,
And the dictatorship again lays down.
Rewards and offices alike he spurns,
And to his humble farm again returns.

45. THE LAWS OF THE TWELVE TABLES.

454.

Rome for a little while is now at peace,
And so she sends ambassadors to Greece
For lessons in the art of legislation.
Lycurgus and wise Solon of that nation,
Had by their wisdom and their codes of laws,
Most worthily deserv'd the world's applause ;
'Twas thus, B.C. four fifty-four, were fram'd
The laws of the Twelve Tables justly fam'd.

46. VIRGINIUS.

451.

About this time much discontent arose
Against the Consuls ; so the Romans chose
Decemvirs ten to govern in their stead,
But none the better for the change they sped.
For though it was appointed these should reign
Only one year, the caution was in vain ;
Since, when the year was out, the ten refus'd
To render up the office they abus'd.
One of them, Appius Claudius was his name,
A shameful notoriety may claim ;

449. Dentatus would have check'd him, but in vain,
 He caused him to be treacherously slain.
 At length when he the shameful sentence gave,
 Awarding fair Virginia as a slave,
 Virginius in her bosom plunged the knife,
 And bought Rome's freedom with his daughter's
 life.
449. For not in vain did that poor maiden bleed,
 Rome was arous'd to vengeance by the deed ;
 And in the year four forty-nine o'erthrew
 The hateful reign of Appius and his crew.

47. NEW FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

445. The Consulate was next restored, and then
 The form of government was changed again,
 Six Military Tribunes were elected ;
 But this, too, fail'd, and they were soon rejected.
 Rome then return'd to Consuls, as of old,
 But by two Censors these were soon controll'd.
443. This office first four forty-three appears,
 And those elected held the post five years.

48. CAMILLUS.

403. Amongst the noblest names that gild the page
 Of Roman history in any age,
 That of Camillus is most justly fam'd.
 Forty years after Censors first were nam'd,

396. He held that dignity ; five times he fill'd
The proud dictatorship ; in warfare skill'd
Beat Fidenates, and Falisci too,
And Veii in three ninety-six o'erthrew.
391. Yet this great Roman into banishment
By his ungrateful countrymen was sent,
Because he strove the influence to restrain
Which the Plebeians ever sought to gain.
But hark ! fierce Brennus, with his warlike Gauls,
390. Has reached triumphantly Rome's very walls.
The town is sack'd, the senators are slain,
The Capitol's proud walls alone remain ;
A six months' siege they sturdily withstand,
Soon they had fall'n, but rescue was at hand ;
Just as unhappy Rome seem'd all subdued,
Nobly forgetting her ingratitude
The brave Camillus on the scene appears ;
The city of her enemies he clears,
Destroys the Gauls, or drives them vanquish'd
home ;
Banish'd Camillus saves ungrateful Rome.
The city then he soon rebuilds, and thus
Earns well the name of " Second Romulus."
390. 'Twas in three ninety that Camillus sav'd
Old Rome from being by the Gauls enslav'd ;
He liv'd to eighty two, but ere he died
Again in battle humbled Gallia's pride ;
At eighty years of age he triumphed o'er
The Gauls (three sixty-seven B.C.) once more ;
Then two years after this, Rome's annals tell,
A victim to the pestilence he fell.

49. MARCUS CURTIUS.

361. About this time the Forum, with a spasm,
 Bursts open, and displays a yawning chasm.
 The Augurs say the fearful gulf shall last
 Till into it Rome's choicest things be cast.
 Curtius declaring Rome's far richest prize
 In stern self-sacrificing valour lies,
 Mounted and armed leaps down amid the gloom;
 Lo, the abyss has closed—the warrior's tomb.

50. PYRRHUS.

342. The hardy Samnites next invoc'd
 The crimson God of war;
 'Twas sixty years ere they were yok'd
 To Rome's triumphal car.
- Yet one thing is beyond a doubt,
 The Romans lov'd not peace;
 282. This the Tarentines soon found out,
 And call'd for aid from Greece.
- King Pyrrhus, answ'ring to the call,
 280. Forth from Epirus goes;
 Before him Rome's proud eagles fall,
 280. Lævinus he o'erthrows.
- Too dear the victory has cost,
 Pyrrhus ne'er reaches Rome;
 275. And Beneventum's battle lost
 Sends him defeated home.

Two eighty brave Lævinus lost
 Fam'd Heraclea's fight;
 Pyrrhus two sev'nty-five recross'd
 To Greece in sorry plight.

272. In vain to conquer mighty Rome he tried,
 And by a woman's hand at Argos died.
 The Samnites and Tarentines soon in turn,
 The prowess of the conqu'ring Romans learn.
270. Two sev'nty years B.C. thus found the whole
 Of Italy beneath proud Rome's control.

51. THE FIRST PUNIC WAR.

Now those three famous Punic wars arise,
 Which ruled the destinies of all the world;
 Carthage the growing pow'r of Rome defies,
 And Carthage to the dust at last is hurl'd.

264. The first began B.C. two sixty-four,
 And lasted three and twenty years or more.
 Hiero, King of Sicily, had made
 War upon Mamertina; to its aid
 Rome sent her legions. In an evil hour,
 Carthage, now jealous of Rome's growing power,
 Espous'd the cause of Hiero, and so
 Made Rome at once implacably her foe.
 In Sicily and Corsica at first
 For nine long years war slak'd its cruel thirst,
256. And then at length on Africa it burst.

255. Regulus was the hero of this war ;
 Great victories he gains when first he lands ;
 But, in the end, Xantippus dims his star ;
 He falls into the Carthaginian's hands.

Five weary years a captive he remains,
 And then the Carthaginians send him home,
 Pledg'd to return, and reassume his chains,
 Unless he can extort a peace from Rome.

250. Sternly upon the Senate he prevails
 The peace thus sought by Carthage to deny ;
 Contented then for Africa he sails,
 Though sure a cruel ling'ring death to die.

241. War is renew'd, but Carthage, to her cost,
 Exhausted finds she must at last give way ;
 Sicilian towns and Corsica are lost,
 And tribute to her rival she must pay.

52. THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.

But Carthage is not dead, she does but sleep,
 And Rome's first triumph is to be but brief ;
 For Carthage has been rearing up a chief
 Whose sword shall soon make Rome's proud
 matrons weep.

Hannibal, from his infancy brought up,
 By stern Hamilcar in his Punic home,
 To hate the very name of conqu'ring Rome,
 Has sworn from boyhood to avenge the cup

- That Rome had made unhappy Carthage drain ;
And cause of quarrel soon is found in Spain.
218. Saguntum, one of haughty Rome's allies,
Before the Carthaginian hero falls ;
In vain on Rome for help Saguntum calls,
But not in vain to Rome for vengeance cries.
See ! Hannibal the Pyrenees, the Rhone,
The Alps, has cross'd, tho' with diminish'd
ranks,
218. And Rome's proud legions on Ticinus' banks,
218. And on the Trebia next, are overthrown.
217. Lake Thrasymenus fresh disaster brings,
216. And Cannæ's plain is strewn with knightly rings.
- Cannæ, the Romans' most disastrous field,
Had well nigh brought the conflict to an end ;
But mighty Rome is still too proud to bend ;
She cannot be destroyed, she will not yield.
Æmilius and Marcellus may be slain,
But Fabius lives, to conquer by delay,
Nero, to stop all succours on the way,
Scipio, to close the war on Zama's plain.
Eleven years of war ! yet Rome survives ;
Her fate is seal'd if Asdrubal arrives.
- But Asdrubal, with succours from afar,
207. At the Metaurus Consul Nero meets ;
Nero the Carthaginian force defeats,
And changes thus the fortunes of the war.
Scipio, victorious in Spain, has cross'd
To Africa, and lays the country waste ;
203. And Hannibal quits Italy in haste,
Lest Carthage, and with Carthage all be lost.

202. Then a great victory, at Zama won,
Sees Carthage humbled, Hannibal undone.
- Carthage may still exist, but in that hour
Her ships and colonies are swept away;
And tribute she again is forc'd to pay,
And never more regains her former power:
Hannibal later from his country flies,
abt. 183. And still pursued by Rome, self-poison'd dies.
216. B.C. two hundred and sixteen
Saw Cannæ's fatal day;
Nine years of war then intervene
207. Ere the Metaurus' fray.
- Two hundred and two years B.C.
Beheld the work complete,
202. When Rome, by Zama's victory,
Laid Carthage at her feet.

53. SYRACUSE AND SYRIA.

- 'Tis marvellous how Rome, whilst thus engag'd
With Hannibal in this fierce struggle, wag'd
Another war of no small magnitude,
And famous Syracuse at length subdued.
Whilst Hannibal lays waste the Latian fields,
212. This ancient city to Marcellus yields;
E'en Archimedes tried his skill in vain,
And Syracuse ne'er rose to pow'r again.
Freed from her Punic rival for a time
Rome pants for conquest in some other clime;

192.

Syria, whose king Antiochus had giv'n
A home to Hannibal from Carthage driv'n,
Was next attack'd; need we the issue name?
188. Syria a province of proud Rome became.

beg. abt. 149.

54. THE THIRD PUNIC WAR.

Fifty-six years at length had reach'd a close
Since Rome and Carthage outwardly were foes,
Fifty-six years of insult and of wrong
Had Carthage her existence dragg'd along.
At last when Masinissa, once her friend,
But now proud Rome's ally, attempts to rend
Away from her a province near his own,
Thus aggrandizing his Numidian throne,
Carthage at first complains and then resents;
Rome finds a cause of war in these events.
She long had meant her foe should be destroy'd,
And on the task her utmost strength employ'd;
First Carthage must her small demands concede;
But these to greater and still greater lead.
Then, when unarm'd and weaponless she stands,
Æmilianus issues his commands—
That, in subjection to imperious Rome,
The people shall forsake their Punic home.

Then, to resist despairingly they dare,
They turn to make one fierce and desp'rate stand,
In vain rude hasty weapons they prepare,
In vain the maidens give their raven hair
For bowstrings; 'tis too late, the end's at hand.

146.

Resisting to the last, proud Carthage falls,
Who once had rivall'd even Rome in fame;
And not one stone of those once mighty walls,
Those glorious palaces and stately halls,
Is left upon another, to proclaim
Where Carthage once had stood; her day is past,
And Rome has swept her from the earth at last.

55. THE GRACCHI.

133.

But whilst thus waging war abroad, old Rome
Was sowing seeds of discontent at home.
Carthage had been destroyed but thirteen years,
When lo! her gory head sedition rears.
The Gracchi, taking up the people's cause,
Sought to revive those old Agrarian laws
Enacted in Rome's rude unpolish'd state
To curb the wealth and influence of the great,
By which five hundred acres, at the most,
Was all of which one single man might boast.
The nobles felt their pow'r would be no more
If once the Gracchi could those laws restore;
To crush them they exert their utmost strength;
And when Tiberius Gracchus seeks at length
The Tribunate unduly to retain,
They cause him in a tumult to be slain.
132. His death one thirty-two B.C. took place,
But Rome had yet another of his race;

121.

Eleven years after this attempt, his brother,
 Whose name was Caius Gracchus, made another;
 Again Patrician influence proved too great,
 And Caius Gracchus met the self-same fate.

56. SPAIN AND GREECE.

abt. 133.

Scarcely was Carthage levell'd with the dust,
 When Rome, as though afraid her sword might rust,
 Sends forth her eagles and subdues all Spain;

146.

Then turning eastward from the west again,
 Proud conqu'ring Macedonia she enthrals;
 And then all Greece beneath her sceptre falls.

113.

But hark! a storm is gath'ring in the North;
 Soon from their German fastnesses burst forth
 The Cimbri and Teutones. Who shall stay
 The sweeping torrent of their onward way?
 Fear not! Rome never in her hour of need
 Wanted brave sons her conqu'ring bands to lead.

106.

See! Caius Marius rises on the scene;
 Conqueror of Jugurtha he had been,
 And then from Africa return'd to Rome,
 And led the party of the Plebs at home.

102, 101.

Two victories, in two successive years,
 He gains; in each a nation disappears.
 Thus in one century and one B.C.
 From these fierce hordes he sets his country free.

57. MARIUS AND SYLLA.

Free! yes, alas! the way was clear
 For civil war and strife;
 Soon every Roman liv'd in fear
 Of the assassin's knife.

88.

For Marius and Sylla now
 Are rivals in the State;
 And scarcely blood enough can flow
 To satisfy their hate.

88 to 84.

First Caius, like a tiger raging,
 Spread terror wide and far;
 Sylla was then in Pontus waging
 The Mithridatic war.

Woe, woe to him, whom on his way
 Marius greeteth not;
 The victim, be he who he may,
 Is butcher'd on the spot.

d. 86.

83.

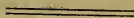
And after Marius was dead,
 Sylla return'd once more;
 Then blood, alas! in Rome was shed
 More fiercely than before.

79 (*d.* 78).

Sylla at last his pow'r resign'd
 In sev'nty-nine B.C.,
 And Rome for some few years we find
 From blood and slaughter free.

58. POMPEY AND CRASSUS.

- Crassus and Cneius Pompey (called the Great)
 Next shar'd the highest offices of State;
 Both military reputations gain;
 71. Pompey subdues a grave revolt in Spain,
 Whilst wealthy Crassus, left to rule at Rome,
 And carry on the government at home,
 71. Quells a revolt that fill'd all Rome with dread,
 73 to 71. By Spartacus the gladiator led.
 67. In sixty-seven B.C. Pompey, with ease,
 Swept all the pirates from the Grecian seas.
 66. Then, as Rome's general, to Asia sent,
 Some years in great successful wars he spent;
 63. First Mithridates, then Tigranes falls,
 63. Nor aught avail Jerusalem's proud walls.
 The title of "The Great" thus justly earned,
 62. Pompey in sixty-two to Rome return'd.
 62. Vile Catiline that same year sixty-two
 Rome's profligates around his standard drew.
 Cicero's wise precautions sav'd the State,
 And Catiline soon met his well-earn'd fate.



b.100, d.44.

59. JULIUS CÆSAR.

And now in Rome arose a mighty name,
 The greatest of her sons; one who may claim
 Upon the highest pinnacle of Fame,
 The loftiest, noblest place.

In Caius Julius Cæsar's master mind
 With the consummate general we find
 Orator, Author, Statesman—all combined ;
 The greatest of his race.

Sylla had spared his life, but had foretold
 That that unyielding spirit, calm and bold,
 One day full many a Marius would unfold ;
 Rome had not long to wait.

60.

Pompey and Crassus had become sworn foes,
 Cæsar as yet unable to oppose,
 First reconcil'd, then join'd them ; thus arose
 The first Triumvirate.

53.

Now it was Pompey's turn to rule at home ;
 Crassus in Asia wields the sword of Rome,
 But by the flying Parthians overcome,
 He meets a dreadful fate.

59 to 50.

Soon Cæsar's wars the master mind reveal ;
 Gauls, Britons, and the neighb'ring nations feel
 Nine years the edge of his all-conqu'ring steel,
 And tremble at his name.

49.

Twice had his valiant legions cross'd the Rhine
 In those nine years, when, B.C. forty-nine,
 Cæsar was sternly order'd to resign
 The sword that won his fame.

For, by his brilliant victories appall'd,
 The senate fear'd lest Rome might be enthralld ;
 At Pompey's bidding Cæsar they recall'd ;
 But Pompey's day was past.

49.

Cæsar his army undisbanded keeps,
Down from the North on Italy he sweeps,
And see ! as in the Rubicon he leaps—
Exclaims, “ The die is cast !”

48.

Pompey for safety to Dyrrachium hies,
And for a time successfully defies
Cæsar’s attacks—then into Greece he flies ;
Rome he will see no more.

48.

The rival armies at Pharsalia meet ;
Pompey sustains a terrible defeat,
And forc’d from Greece to Egypt to retreat,
Is stabb’d upon the shore.

Thus perish’d Pompey, B.C. forty-eight ;
Cæsar pursues him, but arrives too late,
And Cleopatra’s syren arts await
One they can not enthrall.

Cæsar return’d to Rome ; and soon ’twas thought
To gain the kingly dignity he sought ;
A deeply-laid conspiracy soon wrought
The mighty Cæsar’s fall.

44.

Cassius, some thirty more, and Brutus too,
Cæsar’s own friend, their daggers on him drew,
And basely in the capitol they slew
A chief surpass’d by none.

Thus murder’d fell, in B.C. forty-four,
He who victoriously Rome’s standard bore
From Britain’s cliffs to Egypt’s sandy shore,
Rome’s greatest, mightiest son.

60. THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE.

Not unaveng'd great Cæsar falls ;
Sounding war's dire alarms,
Antony, Cæsar's nephew, calls
His partisans to arms.

Octavianus, though he fights
First on the other side,
Yet soon with Antony unites,
And they their power divide

With Lepidus, whom now they chose
Their colleague in the State ;
And thus in forty-three arose
A new Triumvirate.

43.

Each of the three his enemies
Slaughters with vengeful hate ;
Thus Cicero a victim dies,
And hundreds meet their fate.

43.

Brutus and Cassius sought in vain
In Greece to hold their ground ;
And on Philippi's fatal plain,
Defeat and death they found.

42.

Antony next, on Asia's fields,
Treads the great road to fame ;
To Cleopatra's charms he yields,
And tarnishes his name.

41.

Forgetting what to Rome he owes,
 Unbounded pow'r he claims ;
 Once more Octavius overthrows
 His great ambitious aims.

31.

Actium, in B.C. thirty-one,
 Sees the decisive fray ;
 Mark Antony his race has run,
 Octavius gains the day :

30.

See ! Cleopatra's galley flies,
 With glittering sails unfurl'd ;
 Self-slain, like Antony, she dies ;
 And, master of the world,—

named in 27.

Octavius, though he never wore
 The crown and robes of State,
 Becomes first Roman emperor,
 Augustus, wise and great.



A.D.

61. DECLINE AND FALL.

306.
 409 & 410.

The reign of Christian Constantine,
 A.D. three hundred and six began,
 The Goths, A.D. four hundred and nine,
 With Alaric Rome overran,

452.

And desolation next ensued,
 From Attila, the warlike Hun ;
 By Genseric's fierce Vandals rude,

455.

Four fifty-five 'twas overrun.

476.

Augustulus, son of Orestes, bore
 The name of emperor, but was depos'd
 By Odoacer, and for evermore
 The list of Roman emperors was clos'd.

1453.

Orestes was, in fact, the last to reign
 Over the Empire of the West; and he
 B.C. four hundred seventy-six was slain,
 And then that mighty empire ceas'd to be.

But still the eastern empire held its ground,
 And still in fourteen fifty-three was found;
 And then that eastern empire had to bend
 The knee to Mahomet, and saw an end.

62. THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

A Roman emperor! The very name
 In the stern page of history comes down,
 Sullied by every deed of blood and shame,
 That can disgrace the proud, imperial crown.

By such a race of emperors oppress'd,
 Unhappy Rome, for near five hundred years
 Known as the famous Empire of the West,
 Had little rest from reigns of blood and tears.

Yet in that catalogue so foul, so black,
 Some brighter names appear from time to time,
 Who did not follow in the beaten track
 Of murder, sensuality, and crime.

acc. 96, 79, 70.*acc.* 138.*acc.* 98, 211.

Thus Nerva, Titus, and Vespasian too,
 And Antoninus Pius, merit well,
 With Trajan, Geta, and, perhaps, some few
 Whose reigns in rather later times befel,

Not to be class'd among those men of blood ;
 Some few had faults comparatively slight ;

acc. 161.*acc.* 364.

Marcus Aurelius may be counted good,
 And Valentinian's name is clear and bright.

But God's avenging hand full oft appears
 Even on earth in punishing our sins,
 Whether a royal crown the sinner wears,
 Or by his toil a daily pittance wins.

How few of those who Rome's proud purple wore,
 Peacefully in their beds departed hence ;
 Some fifty—and amongst them twenty-four
 All in succession—died by violence.

Those proud Prætorian Guards, just as they chose,
 Set up at will an emp'rour of their own ;
 And then, when some new favourite arose,
 Slew the last wretch they plac'd upon the throne.

Oh, who would pass this little life,
 That fleeteth in an hour,
 In those dread scenes of blood and strife,
 That mark the road to pow'r !

Happy are they who keep in view
 Those words in mercy sent ;
 If ye have food and raiment too,
 Be ye therewith content.

What if thou be of lowly birth,
He maketh thee His care,
Who sweeps a nation from the earth,
And hears an orphan's pray'r.

Where now are those great emperors ?
What helps them their renown ?
They pass'd away like meteors.
Thou yet mayst wear a crown,

Not like to theirs destructible,
And lasting but a day,—
Eternal, incorruptible,
That fadeth not away.

PART THE FOURTH.



THE FIFTH THOUSAND YEARS.

THE FIFTH THOUSAND YEARS.

63. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

THE glorious sunlight from above
Had burst upon mankind ;
And beams of Christian truth and love
Soon spread abroad we find.

Man's finite mind but dimly now
God's hidden ways may read ;
Yet all,—though we perceive not how,—
To some wise purpose lead.

Nations their sep'rate paths may tread,
Yet all one day shall meet
In joyful hope, or hopeless dread,
Before one judgment seat.

An empire's ruin, and the joys
That fill a poor man's heart,
God's providence alike employs,—
Alike they play their part.

Salvation's great and glorious scheme,—
Mankind from Adam's fall
In love and mercy to redeem,—
Faith can discern in all.

If Rome a distant province seize,
It happens not in vain ;
Nor yet in vain, great victories
May Alexander gain.

Unconsciously the path is made
O'er which, in after times,
The Gospel's light shall be convey'd
To those remoter climes.

63. If Paul to Rome a pris'ner sails,
Christ's banner is unfurl'd
Amongst a race whose tongue prevails
Throughout the whole known world.

34. One Ethiopian on his way
Baptiz'd by Philip stands ;
And bears the Gospel's cheering ray
To distant heathen lands.

Barbarous heathen nations, far and near,
Swept by the tide of conquest to and fro,
The Word of Life are destin'd thus to hear,
And in their turn the precious seed to sow.

Rome is supreme, and now the mighty stone,
Hewn without hands, and soon a kingdom vast,
Chiefest of all arises, and alone
Imperishable, shall for ever last.

And Rome must fall ; yet not like Ancient Greece,
Suddenly from her proudest, loftiest height ;
Her pow'r must wane, and wither, and decrease,
Beneath soft luxury's destroying blight.

A rapid growth is quickest to decay ;
 The stately oak that slowly reach'd its prime,
 While flow'rets sprang and wither'd in a day,
 Seems almost to defy the hand of time.

The great Creator's wisdom, and his care,
 And love for man, shine equally in both ;
 Yet 'tis his will and pleasure to prepare
 Strength and endurance by a slower growth.

But let us scan each century, and see
 What are its prominent events, and trace
 Their bearing on the world's great history,
 And mark the rise of each prevailing race.

64. THE FIRST CENTURY.

The Lord of life, the very Son of God,
 Incarnate, wrought redemption's wondrous plan.
 For seven and thirty years the earth He trod,
 From sin to rescue fall'n and sinful man.

I pause in silent awe ! and will not tread
 On ground so hallow'd. In God's holy Book,
 For Jesus born, and suffering, and dead,
 And ris'n again from death, I bid thee look.

God's gracious promise was fulfill'd ; the seed
 Promised to Adam and to Abram too
 Was visiting the earth, full soon to bleed
 Even for those who ne'er that promise knew.

64 & 93.

The work was all achiev'd. But let us trace
 How man receiv'd the blessing God had sent.
 Rome in the world then held the chiefest place,
 On Rome our eyes must first be chiefly bent.

Fierce persecutions vainly would destroy
 The purer faith, aye, in the very bud ;
 God even persecutions can employ
 In his designs, and ev'n a martyr's blood.

The furnace does but purify the gold,
 And not destroy it. Persecution's sword
 Reaches not all who stay ; some, not so bold,
 Flee forth, and bear abroad the cherish'd Word.

9.

The great pre-eminence that Rome enjoy'd
 Was shaken first by rude barbarian swords,
 When the proud hosts of Varus were destroy'd
 By Hermann, and his brave Cheruscan hordes.

Yet Rome awhile her conquests may extend,
 The Briton and the Parthian yet must yield ;
 Full many a European tribe must bend,
 Nor may Zenobia fam'd Palmyra shield.

70.

The days are come, the prophecies fulfill'd,
 And Judah falls beneath the fearful blow ;
 The arm of Titus lays, so God hath will'd,
 Jerusalem in blood and ashes low.

70.

Old things are passing, and give way to new ;
 Jerusalem's proud temple is no more.

61.

Nine years before, Suetonius overthrew
 The Druid altars upon Mona's shore.

61.

78 to 85.

That self-same year Boadicea fell,
 And Rome became in England all supreme.
 Then came Agricola, who rul'd so well,
 Shedding upon the land a brighter beam.

And, whether Paul these islands ever reach'd,
 Or Roman soldier, or some trader brought
 The Word of Life, that 'twas in England preach'd
 Soon after this, by many has been thought.

And lo ! before the century had clos'd
 The written Word of God was all complete ;
 And the belov'd disciple, John, repos'd
 Where he no persecution more should meet.

65. THE SECOND CENTURY.

Fewer events of great importance mark
 The progress of the second century ;
 But light, where all before was drear and dark,
 Shining abroad from east to west, we see.

101.

136.

114 & 162.

Rome's history was that of all mankind.
 At Trajan's feet the Dacian conquer'd lies ;
 The Jews revolt, slaughter alone they find ;
 And deadly persecutions still arise.

193.

Imperial Rome's decline is drawing nigh,
 For luxury and vice at Rome prevail :
 And Didius Julianus now may buy
 The Purple, shamefully set up for sale.

66. THE THIRD CENTURY.

Another century, the third,
Beholds the rise of many sects ;
And each, on God's pure simple Word,
Some strange new theory erects :
Forgetting Him who can alone
For man's delinquency atone,
Some think that God can be content
With self-inflicted punishment.
And now five cruel persecutions more
Harass the Christian church and vex it sore.

202, 237, 250, }
257, 272. }

Now Rome attains her loftiest height,
No more her pow'r shall be increas'd ;
Yet with the Scots her legions fight,
And with the Persians in the east.
Amid a host of odious names,
The good Severus justly claims
As high a rank as any one
On whom the Gospel never shone.
Aurelian's triumph o'er Palmyra gain'd,
Is by the death of great Longinus stain'd.

209.

280.

b. 205, d. 235.

273.

260, 271.

But now the Goths and Franks arise,
And make fierce inroads upon Rome ;
At first she one and all defies,
But nearer and still nearer home
She sees the threat'ning foes, whose hate
Serves but to rouse and stimulate

269, 273.

The spirit of those former times,
 When Rome was not yet steep'd in crimes.
 'Tis vain. The race of Pagan Rome is run,
 As night recedes before the rising sun.

67. THE FOURTH CENTURY.

The worldly and perverted mind of man
 Sees nought but sorrow and calamity
 In all that robs him of a present joy.
 It loves prosperity, as though the aim
 And only end of life were ease on earth ;
 Forgetting that the riches of this world,
 With heav'nly treasure incompatible,
 Stifle and clog the efforts of the soul
 To rise, once more, the image of its God.
 But suffering and tribulation sore
 Are heav'nly messengers from God to man,
 Though clad in woful garb, in mercy sent ;
 And they beset the narrow path, to cleanse
 And purify the soul from worldliness.
 Envy not those who now (mark well the words),
 Because they have no changes, fear not God.

b. 272, d. 337.

324.

Was it a blessing to the Christian church
 That Constantine, the Roman emperor,
 Became a Christian ? let us rather say
 (For hardly he deserv'd that holy name)
 Became the patron of the Christian world,
 Decking its rising fanes with gold and gems,
 And casting down the temples of the gods ?

Alas ! that holy fire, that shone so bright
 Amid the gloom of prisons and of caves,
 And cast a halo round each martyr's crown,
 Must needs be quench'd by popularity,
 And perish in the sunshine of the world.
 Whole nations might adopt the name of Christ
 Under a Christian emperor of Rome ;
 But they had their reward at once on earth,
 And wide, not narrow, was the path they trod.

beg. 303.

A ray of mercy gleams in all ; the tenth
 Great persecution thus became the last.
 But we perhaps may rather look upon
 The worldly triumph of the outward Church,
 Not as a blessing sent by heav'nly love,
 But a malignant thrust from Satan's hand,
 Permitted, and still overrul'd for good,
 And made the means of spreading through the world
 The faith it was intended to subvert.
 Mark what ensued ; relics and bones of saints
 Are venerated and ador'd ; then came
 The practice of seclusion from a world
 Too plainly all at enmity with God ;
 As though the faithful soldier of the Cross
 Fought best by flying from his enemy.
 The Roman bishops—now that Rome protects
 The Christians—claim the Headship of the Church,
 And lay the first foundations of that power
 That held the world for centuries in thrall.
 And Arius now puts forth his heresy,
 Oppos'd by Athanasius ; then at Nice
 The first great Council held, maintains the truth.

b. 296, d. 373.
 325.

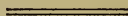
Great crimes disgraced the life of Constantine ;
 And though the spreading of the Christian Church
 Is coupled with his name, 'tis doubted much
 How far our gratitude is due to one
 Who acted probably for selfish ends.
 Hated at Rome, he to Byzantium thence
 328. Remov'd the seat of government, and died,
 337. Little regretted, in three thirty-seven.

Lo ! Julian the Apostate vainly tries
 361. At Rome the Pagan worship to restore.
 363. He fails, and fighting with the Persians, dies.
 And then, as time roll'd on, this mighty realm
 364. Was rent in twain, and in three sixty-four
 The sep'rate Empires of the East and West
 At length arose. Good Valentinian first
 Rul'd in the West, and Valens in the East.
 379. Once more they were united for a time
 By Theodosius, called the Great ; and then
 Arcadius and Honorius, in their turn,
 395 Severed them, never to be join'd again.

Meanwhile the Gothic and the German tribes,
 And rude Sarmatæ, gave the sword of Rome
 But little rest ; and other races too,
 The Alemanni, and Sicambri fierce,
 Like Hydra's heads, rose up on ev'ry side,
 358. Still, still to be by Julian overthrown,
 379. 395. By Theodosius, or by Stilicho,
 379. Though Valens fail'd, and met a dreadful fate.
 Britain, invaded by the Picts and Scots,
 364. Is yet reconquer'd for a little while.

409. 446. 455.

Now from the distant East another race,
 The savage Huns, impell'd by that desire
 To wander forth and conquer on the way,
 That sways the Central Asiatic tribes,
 Were sweeping eastward. Soon the swelling tide
 Of nations, rolling tow'ards unhappy Rome,
 And scarcely now repress'd, shall overflow,
 And Goths, and Huns, and Vandals, in their turn,
 See at their feet the mistress of the world.



68. THE FIFTH CENTURY.

409 and 410.

Behold at last the time had come :
 The Goths, led on by Alaric, came first,
 To slake in blood their hot and vengeful thirst,
 Sacking and burning mighty Rome.

410.

ab. 446 to 452.

Scarcely had thirty summers pass'd
 When warlike Huns, with Attila their king,
 Founding a claim upon Honoria's ring,
 Came sweeping like a with'ring blast.

451.

Their cruel work was done ; again
 Sweeping from Rome across the Alps, they find
 The Romans and the Visigoths combin'd
 To stay their course on Chalons' plain.

And this was Rome's last victory,
 Perhaps, indeed, her most important one—
 Since, from the thralldom of the savage Hun,
 The Christian world was thus set free.

The famous Merovic, they say,
The founder of the Merovingian line,
Came with his valiant Franks across the Rhine,
And fought against the Huns that day.

acc. 481 *d.* 511. Clovis, four ninety-three, erects
The monarchy of France, call'd from the Franks;
And Paris, on the Seine's now famous banks,
As her metropolis selects.

455. Nine years elapse, and Vandal hordes,
Fresh from their victories in Africa,
Led on by Genseric, make Rome their prey,
Dyeing in Roman blood their swords.

476. Twenty-one years, and one who bore
A deadlier sword than even Genseric's,
Great Odoacer, in four sev'nty-six,
O'erthrows proud Rome to rise no more.

409. In Britain, Vortigern, meanwhile,
(The Romans having left it) vainly fights
Against the Picts; and Hengist he invites
To help him to regain the Isle.

449. And Hengist came right willingly—
Out of the land full soon the foe was swept;
But England for themselves the Saxons kept,
And thus arose the Heptarchy.

ab. 410. Meanwhile the Church was sorely tried
By errors, and by heresies within;
And man's original and inborn sin
Now by Pelagius was denied.

Yet many a saintly genius bright—
Augustine, Vigilantius, Chrysostom—
Adorn'd the Church, and gilded Christendom
With radiant beams of holy light.

431.

The Church, four thirty-one, expell'd
With all his followers, Nestorius :

451.

This third great Council sat at Ephesus :
The fourth was at Chalcedon held.

Thus the Nestorian Christians rose,
Unshackled by the heresies of Rome :
Secluded in the East, they found a home,
And there their little lamp still glows.

Thus many a distant branch, we mark,
A purer, holier, lasting light possess'd ;
Whilst the great churches of the East and West
Began to wander in the dark :

Of East and West, for deadly schism
On things important to our one great hope,
Sprang up between the Patriarch and the Pope,
Between Greek Church and Romanism.

498.

'Twas now the Popes became so nam'd ;
And (now that miracles by relics wrought,
And image-worship into vogue were brought,)
Infallibility they claim'd.

But who had stemmed that mighty Hunnish tide,
Which, bursting from its Asiatic home,
Deluged and ravaged Europe far and wide,
And even humbled proud Imperial Rome ?

451.

'Twas Ætius, in the year four fifty-one,
Who fought that fearful fight on Chalons' plain,
And stay'd the onward progress of the Hun;
For though both armies on the field remain,

452.

The mighty avalanche was turn'd aside ;
Relentless Attila had had his day,
And when, two short years afterwards, he died,
His Empire, like a meteor, pass'd away.

69. THE SIXTH CENTURY.

All England now is master'd by the warlike Saxon
race,

And soon their Pagan idols Christianity displace ;
But still the sturdy Britons, after Vortigern was
dead,

Fought bravely to the last, by many a gallant
chieftain led.

*ab. 516 to 544,
or earlier.*

'Twas now that brave Prince Arthur fought, and
round his famous table

Sat with his knights, those heroes bold, of wild
romantic fable.

Bravely they fought, retreating into Cornwall, till
their foes

Crush'd them at length, and then the Saxon Hep-
tarchy arose.

597.

The century had nearly clos'd, when Ethelbert
embrac'd

The Christian faith, which never had completely
been effac'd ;

For holy men and true there were, who kept God's
holy word,

And still had pray'd and worshipp'd, spite of per-
secution's sword.

But surely now these faithful ones come forward,
and rejoice

To see the Church thus rescu'd by the monk
Augustine's voice.

Alas, more deadly now to them was persecution's
sword

Than when the Saxon conqueror his Pagan gods
restor'd.

And all who will not bow to Rome, but venture
to deny

What Rome commands them to believe, at once
are doom'd to die.

This was Augustine's work; and let it never be
believ'd

That England first from him the light of Gospel
truth receiv'd;

A pure and Apostolic church our native land could
claim

Some centuries before the Romish monk Augus-
tine came.

Meanwhile the Eastern Empire was attaining to
a height,

Rivalling even ancient Rome in council and in
fight.

Society no little debt of gratitude has ow'd,

Even in modern times to great Justinian and his
Code:

- In this, and in his other famous works, may yet
be trac'd
- d.* 565. The law on which full many a European code is bas'd.
And now too, Belisarius, in conquering career,
Subdu'd the mightiest nations in succession, far
and near.
- 527—534. The Persian first, and then the warlike Vandal
he defeats;
- 539—541. In Sicily and Italy the like success he meets.
And ere his marvellous career of victory was run,
His valour sav'd Byzantium from the bold ad-
vancing Hun.
554. And famous Belisarius comes nobly handed down,
As one of those who wisely have refus'd a proffer'd
crown.
The sixth and seventh centuries beheld the Popes
assert
Their temporal supremacy, to help them to subvert
All monarchs who may dare to disobey what they
dictate,
And thus secure their spiritual rule in ev'ry State.
493. The kingdom which the Ostrogoths in Italy had
gain'd,
On Odoacer's death, they but for sixty years re-
tain'd.
554. Totila, in five fifty-four was overcome and slain
By Narses, and that kingdom fell, never to rise
again.
Italy, when this Ostrogoth supremacy had ceas'd,
Was ruled awhile by Narses for the Emp'ror of
the East;

568.

But little time elapsed before the Exarch was recall'd,

d. 564.

And Alboin, the Lombard, King of Italy install'd.
Thus it befel that Lombard rule in Italy arose :

Two centuries had nearly pass'd before it saw a close :

Two centuries that well suffic'd foundation firm to lay

For that more modern Italy which we behold to-day.

70. THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

The seventh century
Saw the false faith of Islam rise ;
Deadliest of the enemies
Of Christianity.

But ere we here record
The Moslem conquests, we may glance
At Chosroes, and his advance
With Persia's conqu'ring sword.

616.

Jerusalem is won ;
Egypt succumbs, and Syria falls,
And to Byzantium's very walls
He leads his warriors on.

Whilst, like a mighty tide,
The fierce Avars come sweeping down,
And deadly foes beset the town

626.

Closely on ev'ry side.

622.

Heraclius at length,
 Leaving his own war-wasted land
 Uncared for, with a chosen band
 In Persia shows his strength.

627.

Thus home at last he drew
 The Persian ; then, at Nineveh,
 Chosroes, by one victory,
 He utterly o'erthrew.

b. 570, d. 632.

But Mahomet was now
 Founding the faith, beneath whose sway
 Throughout the East, e'en to this day,
 So many nations bow.

610.

The year six hundred ten,
 Beheld at last the Koran fram'd ;
 And Mahomet himself proclaim'd
 God's prophet among men.

And not alone a creed,
 Set up by Mahomet we see :
 To found his earthly monarchy
 Unnumbered thousands bleed.

The page of hist'ry shows
 No realm of such extent and might,
 That ever to so vast a height
 • So suddenly arose.

Ere Mahomet was dead,
 That false religion, far and wide,
 In all its mighty conqu'ring pride,
 Through many lands had spread.

632.
ac. 634, d. 643.

First Caliph of the East,
Abubeker came next; then came
Omar, who Islam's pow'r and fame
So mightily increas'd.

In fifty years at most,
Syria, Persia, Egypt fall,
With Palestine, beneath its thrall,
And all the Libyan coast.

638.
1099.

A prey to Moslem spears
Zion became; and so remain'd,
Until by Godfrey's sword regain'd,
After four hundred years.

It is not ours to know,
Why God has suffered Islam's creed
To check the growth the Gospel seed
Had then begun to show.

Perhaps, because more bright,
Before His chosen converts' eyes,
The purer faith would one day rise,
By missionary light,

Than if the Word of Life
In peace the world had overspread,
All unoppos'd, all free from dread,
And this world's cruel strife.

But while at God's behest,
Success the Moslem standard crown'd,
The Gospel too was gaining ground,
Throughout the favour'd West.

Brave, holy men there were,
 Who, like the good Columba, went
 From land to land, in mercy sent,
 Heaven's pathway to prepare.

In many lands they preach'd :
 Casting abroad the precious leaven,
 That fits repentant souls for heaven,
 By one Atonement reach'd.

71. THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

732.

Another century, the eighth, beholds
 A mighty conflict. On the famous plain
 Of Tours, the great decisive fight was fought,
 In which proud Islam and the Christian faith
 Contended for the Empire of the West.
 The tribes that dwelt on Afric's northern coast,
 Chafing beneath Byzantium's heavy yoke,
 In evil hour invoke the Saracen,—
 Full soon the coast from Egypt to the Straits
 Succumbs to Moslem rule.—Anon, a feud
 Amongst the Visigoths, the lords of Spain,
 (Discord at home is ever fruitful source
 Of ruin from abroad) prepares the way
 For further conquest, and the Saracens,
 Ere thirteen years of this same century
 Had pass'd away, cross over into Spain.

713.

Spain was soon overrun ; and twenty years
 See Abderrahman, with his Moslem host,

Swarming like locusts o'er the fertile plains
Of Southern France. Who, who, in this dread hour,
Shall stay their course, and rescue Christendom ?

732.

The great and famous race of Merovic,
Sill wore the crown of France ; but, strange to say,
Their Palace-mayors then exercis'd a rule
Scarcely inferior to the regal power.
This was the office held by Charles Martel,
Who, like his namesake Maccabæus, rose
To save his country in its hour of need.
At Tours, Martel and Abderrahman met :
The Saracen was slain, and Islamism
Swept sternly back beyond the Pyrenees,
A barrier which it never cross'd again.

But while the Moslem and the Christian thus
Were fighting for the mastery, the Church
Beheld within itself a deadly feud.
The Image-breakers, or Iconoclasts,
Upheld by Leo, and the Eastern Church,
Cast off the yoke of image-loving Rome.
A conflict, long and terrible, ensued,—
The Greek and Latin Churches, in the end
Becoming parted, ne'er to re-unite.

acc.714,d.741.

What wonder that the great heroic house
Of Charles Martel should elbow from the throne
The now degen'rate Merovingian race,
To which the Carlovingian thus succeeds.

acc.741,d.768.

Pepin-le-Bref, his son, supplanting soon
The weak King Childric, mounts the throne of
France.

752 to 755.

Behold the Franks now rising into power.
 A little while, and Pepin's conqu'ring arms
 Prevail in Italy : the Lombard rule
 Is rudely shaken,—soon to be o'erthrown.
 The vanquish'd Lombards the Exarchate lose ;
 And Pepin, in the year sev'n fifty-five,
 Transfers it to the Pope, with many towns ;
 And thus it was that first the Popes obtain'd
 A territorial sov'reignty. The son
 Of Pepin, famous Charlemagne, afterwards
 Confirm'd these new possessions of the Pope,
 And Lombard sway in Italy was gone.

b. 742,
 acc. 771, d. 814.

Charlemagne the Mighty, little Pepin's son,
 Grandson of no less mighty Charles Martel,
 Brought by his mastermind, and conqu'ring sword,
 The Frankish monarchy to such a height,
 As none, since Rome, in Europe had attain'd.
 The mighty German Empire thus arose ;
 The face of Europe underwent a change ;
 And from the time of Charlemagne we may date
 The rise of chivalry, while many a change
 Of customs, and the ways of social life,
 Mark'd a transition to a different age.

acc. 786, d. 808.

Strange as it seems, in all the arts of peace,
 The Saracens at this time far excell'd
 The nations that were then call'd Christendom.
 Cordova, then the capital of Spain,
 And Bagdad, Haroun's fam'd metropolis,
 Were centres both of learning and the arts.
 The Goths had quench'd the classic light of Rome,

- And Papal Rome sought only to confine
 The light of knowledge to the monks, and those
 Who held some office in the Church itself,—
 Lest men should rise to self-reliant thought,
 And thus endanger her supremacy.
 And so it came about, in every land,
 That churchmen fill'd the highest offices,
 And everywhere, as ministers of state,
 Or as ambassadors, upheld the sway
 And temporal supremacy of Rome.
 The Convent and the Court had light enough,
 But all around was dark,—in darkness kept,
 Save where some wise and holy man, like Bede,
 Despite the trammels of the mother Church,
 Shed learning's light upon the world around.
 Still, to the monkish learning of those days
 We owe a debt of gratitude, for that,
 While the great Alexandrine library
 Perish'd beneath the Moslem's ruthless torch,
 Preserv'd for later times the classic lore
 That sheds such lustre over Greece and Rome.

THE BATTLE OF TOURS.

732. At Tours, seven hundred and thirty-two,
 Martel the Saracens overthrew.
- Six twenty-two A.D., the year
 From which the Moslems date,
 622. Saw Mahomet's fam'd flight through fear
 Of the Koreishites' hate.

That fam'd Hegira mark'd the birth
 Of Mahomet's false creed;
 Which soon spread over half the earth,
 Like some rank, deadly weed.

Few were its followers at first,
 Too quickly they increas'd;
 Forth like a torrent soon they burst,
 O'erwhelming all the East.

Scarcely a century had fled,
 Ere a vast Moslem host
 O'er Northern Africa had spread,
 And conquer'd all the coast.

713.

They cross the Strait, and on they sweep,
 Victorious, over Spain;
 They cross the Pyrenees so steep;
 They swarm o'er Aquitain.

732.

But thanks to thee, brave Charles Martel,
 The West was not enslav'd;
 At Tours, when Abderrahman fell,
 Europe by thee was sav'd.

CHARLEMAGNE.

How strangely, yet how surely,
 God works by human means,
 The page of history reveals
 In ever changing scenes.

b.742, acc.771,
 d. 814.

800.

Yet not alone the righteous
Are agents of the Lord ;
The conqueror his bidding does,
The wicked are his sword.

Though He may choose a Daniel
To prophesy his will,
Cyrus and Alexander must
The prophecy fulfil.

'Twas in the year eight hundred,
That Charlemagne so renown'd,
As Emperor of all the West
In Papal Rome was crown'd.

God used this mighty monarch
To spread abroad the Word
Amongst the rude and heathen tribes
That yielded to his sword.

And yet while Rome's pretensions
Great Charlemagne now defends,
And Rome throughout the whole known world
Her influence extends,

God's Word, alas, she darken'd,
By mummeries absurd,—
And doctrines new,—an easy task,
When few could read the Word.

Yet holy men already
Preach'd against heresies,
And errors, which the Church of Rome
Adopted by degrees.

From Baltic to Atlantic,
From Elbe to Ebro's banks,
Great Charlemagne wielded all supreme
The sceptre of the Franks.

Of Christendom his empire
Completely changed the face ;
Blending the great Germanic tribes
With Rome's degen'rate race.

Monarch o'er half of Europe,
He truly pav'd the way
For that more modern social state,
In which we live to-day.

Widely his fame extended ;
Highest of then known rights,
Haroun Alraschid gave to him
The cherished Holy Sites.

Gifted with many virtues
His character appears,
Though often stained with cruelty
In his declining years.

Mark well how stern a lesson,
His end may read to pride ;
Decrepit, and bow'd down with grief,
This mighty monarch died.

He found not help or comfort,
In pomp or earthly things ;
Religion only could console
This mightiest of kings.

acc. 786, d. 808.

72. THE NINTH CENTURY.

The time was now at hand
When, sweeping from the north,
Right many a brave and warlike band
Came from the Baltic forth.

By love of conquest led,
Hating the Word of Light,
Full many a land they overspread,
Like a destroying blight.

On Erin's favour'd shore
The Word was thriving well,
When on its fanes the Northmen pour
Their fury fierce and fell.

And then Iona falls,
And meets a ruthless doom ;
O'erthrown are now its sacred walls,
And many a regal tomb.

Scarcely a single year
Was Charlemagne in his grave,
When in the north of France appear
These Northmen stern and brave.

From Rollo thus came down
The Norman race of might,
That won at last the English crown
At Hastings' famous fight.

815.

1066.

abt. 860.

Lo ! far and wide resounds
 The Northman's battle-cry ;
 And Ruric now in Russia founds
 Its earliest monarchy.

829.

But while these warlike swarms
 Still southward fiercely rush,
 And vainly seek by force of arms
 The Christian faith to crush ;

That faith, in their rude homes
 Shall better far succeed ;
 For look where holy Anschar comes
 To teach it to the Swede.

France to the Northman sends
 The gospel's heav'nly ray ;
 And soon to Russia it extends
 The dawn of Christian day.

Meanwhile in this ninth century,
 A change o'er England pass'd ;
 The famous Saxon Heptarchy
 Came to an end at last.

acc. 824.

And Saxon kings begin to reign
 With Egbert at their head ;
 But soon the bold invading Dane
 Fills all the land with dread,

871.

acc. 871, *d.* 900.

Till after Ashdown's fatal fight,
 All unoppos'd they stand ;
 And Alfred, like a homeless wight,
 Now wanders through the land.

But Saxon Alfred's was a mind
 Pure, energetic, strong ;
 And such but seldom fail to find
 A sure success, ere long.

The Danish rule he overturns ;
 And then his mind applies
 To civilize the land ; and earns
 The names of Great and Wise.

And all this while, the Church of Rome went on
 In deep'ning darkness sunk,—but growing great.
 Simplicity of worship now was gone :—
 How could it thrive amid such pomp and state ?

The Popes, on fettering men's minds intent,
 The path to heav'n with many a hindrance
 close ;

abt. 837. Strange and new-fangled doctrines they invent,
 And Transubstantiation* thus arose.

But never yet without its witnesses
 The pure and apostolic Church had been ;
 And now arose, full famous among these,
abt. 829. That noble Claude, the Bishop of Turin.

This bold reformer daringly oppos'd
 All the great errors of the Church of Rome ;
 And, in the valleys of the Alps enclos'd,
 His pure and truthful teaching found a home.

* Transubstantiation was first made an article of faith by
 Innocent III., early in the 13th century.

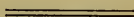
The Vandois' valleys early had possess'd
 A pure and simple church ; a martyr's blood
 Had even in two ninety been a test
 Of faith that in the heart deep rooted stood.

Then Ambrose, famous bishop of Milan,
 Oppos'd already in three sev'nty-four
 The innovations papal Rome began,
 Like poison from a fountain head, to pour.

And many a bright and intermediate link,
 Tho' unrecorded, still kept up the chain
 Of those who ne'er from persecution shrink,
 And still an apostolic faith maintain.

Claude of Turin had one of those bold minds
 Whose influence throughout the world is felt ;
 Centuries pass away, and yet Rome finds
 The Church that in those same Swiss valleys
 dwelt.

Protesting still, in vain she tries to break
 The independent spirit they retain ;
 If brave Waldenses perish at the stake,
 The Reformation proves 'tis not in vain.



73. THE TENTH CENTURY.

999 to 911.

In the tenth century we hear
 Of more than one new monarchy.
 Poland and Normandy appear ;
 And now we find in Germany

For Poland (now a kingdom new)
And Russia under Vladimir,
Hungary, Denmark, Norway too,
Converted to the truth appear.

988.

See Vladimir, with sword in hand,
Demanding the baptismal rite ;
And giving forth his stern command
To Russia to receive the light.

Nor was it now a province small
(Thanks to his great successful wars),
That thus obey'd the lordly call
Of this the first of Christian Czars.

Hard is it to be understood ;
And well may Christians pause and sigh
To find, in such stern men of blood,
Champions of Christianity.

In this tenth century we see
Increasing monkish influence,
And superstitious mummary
Repugnant all to common sense.

Bells are baptized, and rosaries
To monkish sway now lend their aid ;
And superstitious practices
The Church dishonour and degrade.

PART THE FIFTH.



THE SIXTH THOUSAND YEARS.

THE SIXTH THOUSAND YEARS.

74. THE CRUSADES.

ARISE, ye Christian monarchs !

Let not the good sword rust,
While Zion by the infidel
Is trampled in the dust !

abt. 1094.

Thus, with the Cross uplifted,
Peter the Hermit cried ;
And roused the Christian chivalry
Of Europe, far and wide.

A tribe of warlike shepherds,
Unnoticed, in the East,
Had, in the last few centuries,
Most mightily increased.

1038.

This tribe of Turks, or Turkmans,
Into a nation grew ;
The Caliphs, who had hired their swords,
At length they overthrew.

And then great Seljuk founded
That famous Turkish pow'r,
Which, spite of all vicissitudes,
Has lasted to this hour.

Persia, and neighb'ring nations
Were conquer'd soon by them ;
And now we find them lording it
Over Jerusalem.

The Caliphs, wise and prudent,
Promoting arts and trade,
On pilgrims from far distant lands
No heavy burdens laid.

But hatred to the Christian
Burn'd in the Turkish breast ;
And Christian pilgrims now became
Insulted and oppress'd.

And thus against the Moslem
Europe becomes array'd ;
And Godfrey and his Christian host
The Holy Land invade.

1098.

Right well at first they prosper ;
The Turkish pow'r they shake ;
And in one thousand ninety-nine
Jerusalem they take.

1099.

1099.

Then Ascalon's first battle
Is crown'd with such success,
That nearly all the Holy Land
The Christians soon possess.

And now of Christian monarchs
A short but famous line
Holds for a while Jerusalem,
And reigns in Palestine.

1147.

But soon their might decreases,
 Their armies waste away ;
 The Moslem threatens to destroy
 The hateful Christian sway.

Louis of France (the Seventh)
 With German Conrad's aid,
 Then, in eleven forty-seven,
 Begins the next Crusade.

Disastrous were their marches ;
 And, after suff'rings sore,
 They wholly fail'd the Christian pow'r
 In Syria to restore.

b.1137, d.1193.

Saladin, Egypt's Sultan,
 Now came upon the scene ;
 And, justly by some wrongs incens'd,
 Took deep revenge, I ween.

1187.

Tiberias soon witness'd
 A fierce and fatal fight ;
 And soon the holy city fell
 Before his conqu'ring might.

Yet, though it was with Christians
 Such deadly war he waged,
 To him it was a righteous cause
 In which he was engaged.

Much that is brave and noble
 Gilds Saladin's great name ;
 Some of his acts might well have put
 The Christian kings to shame.

b. 1157, }
acc. 1189, }
d. 1199. }

1190.

The Crescent was triumphant,
When Richard Lion-heart
On many a famous battle-field
Now came to play his part.

Philip of France had joined him,
And Austrian Leopold ;
Yet, spite of many sore defeats,
Their ground the Moslems hold.

For though such great successes
The Christian monarchs won,
Their feuds and quarrels soon undid
The work their swords had done.

1191. 1191.

Yet Ascalon and Acre
Behold such mighty deeds,
That Richard's dauntless bravery
So far at least succeeds,

That though the Christian kingdom
Unrecogniz'd remains,
The rights the Christians valued most
He from the foe obtains.

1192.

Then later, many an army
The Holy Land invades ;
The thirteenth century beholds
No less than six crusades.

Anon the Christians conquer'd ;
Anon the Moslems gain'd
Such triumphs that the Christian knights
Scarcely a town retain'd.

1249.

Louis the Ninth (Saint Louis)
Heading the eighth crusade,
In Egypt sore disasters met,
And prisoner was made.

1270.

Still, in the year twelve sev'nty,
He led the ninth and last ;
And with a great and gallant host
Over to Tunis pass'd.

There, to disease a victim,
He fell on Afric's shore ;
His army wasted soon away ;
The last Crusade was o'er.

1291.

Then at the last, proud Acre,
Last stronghold on the coast,
After a fierce resistance fell
Before a Moslem host.

No pen can tell the horrors
Of all these fierce crusades ;
How many hundred thousands fell
Beneath the glitt'ring blades :

How many scores of thousands
Were early doom'd to fall
In toilsome march,—and never reach'd
The scene of war at all :

How pestilence and sickness
Perform'd their deadly work ;
Outrivalling the scimeter
Of the relentless Turk.

1098 to 1291.

Two centuries the conflict
Had lasted, and in vain ;
Up to this very day the Turks
The Holy Land retain.

But no,—that mighty struggle
Could not have been for nought ;
Some wise and good, though hidden, ends
Must surely have been wrought.

Chivalry was the spirit
Of those rude lawless times,
That often kept oppression down,
Thus oft preventing crimes.

When there was little freedom,
And small respect for laws,
Full oft the knightly lance upheld
The weak but honest cause.

Then, too, unhappy Europe
Had intervals of rest ;
The tide of war, thus eastward roll'd,
Spared for a time the West.

And thus the warlike spirit
Abroad an outlet found ;
While learning and the arts of peace
At home were gaining ground.

Besides, amid this warfare,
No small advance was made
In intercourse with foreign lands,—
The germ of future trade.

But if these were the blessings,
 Think of the fearful cost;
 In many a hundred thousand lives
 By sword and sickness lost.

Think of the widow'd mothers!
 Think of the orphans left!
 And how it fared with many lands
 Thus of their kings bereft.

Did not our own fair England,
 While Richard was away,
 Become to lawless violence
 And tyranny a prey?

They thought the object holy,
 They cared for nought beside;
 Forgetting *why*, they only thought
 Of *where* the Saviour died.

75. FRANCE CONQUERED AND LOST.

b. 1388, }
 acc. 1413, }
 d. 1422. }

Henry the Fifth of England,
 When young, all reckless seem'd;
 But afterwards his character
 Right nobly he redeem'd.

A love of foreign conquest
 Was Henry's greatest stain;
 He fought to win the crown of France,
 And did not fight in vain.

1415.

Oct. 25, 1415.

Harfleur, in fourteen fifteen,
First from the French he took ;
And then the throne of Charles the Sixth
At Agincourt he shook.

Few were the wearied English,
But stout and true of heart ;
And well the English bowmen did
That day perform their part.

The foemen's fourfold numbers
Did but make Henry say
There were enough to kill and take,
And some to run away.

1417.

His arms, a few years later,
Were crown'd with like success ;
And feuds, that rent the court of France,
Aided him scarcely less ;

Whilst, by his gallant bearing,
The hearts of all he won ;
And Charles the Sixth and Isabel
Even cast off their son.

1420.

And Katherine, their daughter,
Became King Harry's bride ;
And treaties made him king of France,
When Charles the Sixth had died.

*b. 1421, }
acc. 1422, }
d. 1471. }*

Henry the Sixth, his infant,
Was also king of France ;
And Bedford held the land for him
By dint of sword and lance.

But still there was a Dauphin,
 (As Charles the Seventh known)
 Who would not tamely thus submit
 To lose his father's throne.

b.1402, d. 1431.

And Joan of Arc, the famous,
 In fourteen twenty-nine
 Compelled the English host the siege
 Of Orleans to resign.

1429.

Then by her dauntless valour
 She made the foe give ground;
 Led the victorious Charles to Rheims,
 And caus'd him to be crown'd.

1429.

And now the Maid protested
 Her holy task was done;
 Alas! they made her still fight on
 Till fourteen thirty-one;

And then her English captors
 Disgraced their noble names,
 By causing this heroic maid
 To perish by the flames.

1431.

But her remember'd valour
 Itself was worth a host;
 And Charles the Seventh soon regain'd
 The kingdom he had lost.

One only city,—Calais,—
 In English hands remain'd;
 And that, till first Queen Mary's reign,
 The English still retain'd.

1558.

Was Joan a mere impostor
Who reck'd not what she said ;
Or a sincere enthusiast,
By fancied visions led ?

A simple country maiden,
The battle-field she brav'd,
And from its English conquerors
Her fatherland she sav'd.

No stain of blood polluted
The maiden's conqu'ring sword ;
And when she thought her task was done,
She sought for no reward.

Then at the last, nor threat'nings
Nor promises can shake
The fortitude with which she bears
The torture of the stake.

Few characters more noble
In history we see :
All honour, then, to Joan of Arc,
Who set her country free.

76. PRINTING.

What would King Alfred have been glad to pay,
(The best half of his kingdom, I'll be bound,)
For such a common Bible as to day,
In the most humble cottage may be found ?

Many a king and emperor would have thought
 The Bible of a little English boy
 A prize inestimable,—cheaply bought
 With all the wealth a monarch can enjoy.

The fifteenth century found men disturb'd
 By thoughts and hopes that Rome kept down
 by might :

Men's souls by Rome no longer would be curb'd,
 They panted for the truth and for the light.

One thing was wanting to prepare the way
 For that great, glorious work, the Reformation,—
 To bring the Gospel to the light of day,
 And publish it abroad to every nation.

God straightway sent the blessing ; far and wide
 Flew the productions of the Printer's art ;
 The copies of the Scriptures multiplied,
 And shed their light on every godly heart.

b.1400,d.1468.
 1438.

Remember well John Gutenberg of Mentz.
 In the year fourteen thirty-eight we find
 Moveable types for printing he invents,
 And earns the gratitude of all mankind.

abt. 1450.

The Bible was the first book ever printed ;
 At Mentz in fourteen fifty it came out.
 The art was kept so secret that some hinted
 That Satan's help had brought the work about.

Two other names are justly handed down :
 John Faust of Mentz, and Peter Schœffer, born
 At Gernsheim, share in Gutenberg's renown,
 And Germany's historic page adorn.

A.D.

140

EPITOME OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

1474.

Caxton, returning from a foreign tour,
In England first set up a printing press ;
And printed, fourteen hundred sev'nty-four,
A work upon the noble Game of Chess !

77. THE REFORMATION.

I. THE DARKNESS.

abt. 1500.

Behold the world with darkness overspread !
Darkness that might be felt ; and it was felt
By prince and peasant, emperor and serf,
Blighting and blinding all except alone
The hierarchy of the Romish Church.
The mightiest monarch trembled on his throne,
Awed and subdued, in fear of interdict.
The baron, who nor king nor kaiser feared,
Cowered before a ragged, wand'ring monk,
Lest excommunication might destroy
His soul for ever. In the peasant's cot
Hardship, and toil, and grinding tyranny
Weighed down the heart, unsolaced by the rays
Of love and mercy, sent from God to man,
That beam from ev'ry page of Holy Writ.
The book was closed : the only road to heav'n
Was blind obedience, not to God, but man.
And men believed that those immortal souls
Which *He* by one Atonement had redeem'd,
Lay at the mercy of a shriving priest ;
That money paid for masses could avail

To save them from the wrath to come. The prayers
Of saints, or of the Virgin, were believed
All powerful before the Throne of Grace ;
And that one great Atonement, once achieved,
Was thus dishonour'd. If perchance the priest
Refused his absolution for a sin,
The sinner might himself, by torments sore
Inflicted on himself, propitiate
(Like Baal's priests with knives and lancets cut,)
The God of Mercy ; or at least he might
In Purgatory, after death, pay off
(Oh impious thought!) the balance due to God.
His friends or relatives, if wealth were theirs,
Might, if they chose, and loved him well enough
To pay for Masses—liberate his soul
From Purgatory. Yes, his brother might
Redeem his soul, and ransom give to God.
If not, he still must burn. It was affirm'd
That Transubstantiation, at the word
Of man,—ay, sinful man,—transform'd the bread
Into the actual very Lord himself
Whole and entire,—the bread itself being gone ;
And this soon led inevitably on
To other dogmas wild, absurd, and strange,
Defying all belief. But then steps in
The Church infallible, commanding men
To shut their senses up, and blindly bow
Before the Pope, nor dare presume to search
What warranty the Word of God might give
For doctrines that were only first put forth
Centuries after those pure simple truths
Taught by the Church in Apostolic times.

The Church of Rome lorded it over all,
And claim'd and exercised supreme control,
Both temporal and spiritual too.
Yet in the deadliest poisons oft are found
Virtues and qualities of use to man :
Rome's mighty pow'r was not without its use,
And doubtless oft was overruled for good.
Among the Pontiffs there were holy men
Who used their pow'r aright ; and in those times
When freedom was unknown, the tyranny
Of many a prince was doubtless held in check
By influences exercised by Rome.
But these were all too few and far between,
Like lightning flashes, giving light indeed,
But vanishing full soon and suddenly,
And only serving plainly to reveal
The darkness all around. The poison still
Was there, and still it did its deadly work ;
And darkness overspread the Christian world.

II. THE DAWN.

Darkness ! how great, alas ! that darkness was,
When that which God had giv'n to men for light
Was turn'd to darkness thus. Yet even then,
He who full surely never left himself
Without his witnesses, from time to time
Raised up strong-minded men, who would not bow
The knee to Baal, nor yield up their souls
That God had rescued, into human hands.
Monarchs there were who even durst oppose
The will of Rome, and brave an interdict.

b. 1214,
acc. 1226.

Louis the Ninth (Saint Louis, strange to say,
For he was canonized despite this deed,)

Stood forth the champion of the Gallic Church,
And by his great and famous edict, known

1268.
acc. 1285,
d. 1314.

As the Pragmatic Sanction, much curtail'd
The Papal pow'r in France. Philip the Fourth,
Surnamed the Fair, in thirteen hundred two

Resisted the encroachments of the Pope,
Boldly defying Boniface the Eighth;

1303.

He burns the Papal bulls, convenes the States,
Now for the first time thus convened in France,
And then casts off the Pope's authority.

r. 1272 to 1307.
abt. 1303.

Edward the First of England also rose
Against rapacious and exacting Rome.
Still Rome remain'd supreme a little while;
For weak and bigoted successors marr'd
The good these braver spirits had begun.

But humbler men there were, who sought and
found

The light in Holy Writ, and then stood forth
To spread that light abroad. For centuries
Such witnesses had shone, from time to time,
Bright lights amid the darkness. Such, in truth,

abt. 400, *d.* 597.
d. 735.

Were Succat, and Columba too, and Bede,
In these our British Isles. In other lands
Good, holy men from time to time arose,
And worthily upheld the cause of truth
Against each great and growing heresy.

b. 296, *d.* 373.

Thus Athanasius in early times,

b. 354, *d.* 430.

Augustine (he of Hippo), Chrysostom,*

* *d.* 407.

† *d.* 439.

Nestorius,† and Vigilantius,

A.D.	144 EPIOTOME OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
<i>b.</i> 726, <i>d.</i> 804.	Were champions of the truth ; Paulinus too
	Boldly opposed the errors of the Church ;
	While in Armenia and the East we find
<i>from</i> 660.	Paulician Christians holding fast the Word,
	And dying martyrs in its sacred cause.
	Nor was the West without its shining lights :
<i>b.</i> 330, <i>d.</i> 397.	The Vaudois Church, and Ambrose of Milan,
<i>abt.</i> 829,	Claude of Turin, and Berenger of Tours,
<i>d.</i> 1088.	And many more, whose great and honour'd names
	Far more adorn the page of history
	Than conquerors, the scourges of mankind.
<i>abt.</i> 1151.	About the year eleven fifty-one
	A sect of earnest, holy men arose .
	Throughout the south of France, who set themselves
<i>1179.</i>	To spread abroad the Word. Among the first
	Was Peter Waldo, whence they took the name
	Waldenses, tho' oft known by other names :
	“ Poor men of Lyons,” “ Albigenses” too,
	And “ Tisserands.” They wander'd far and wide
	With merchandize ; and, wheresoe'er they could,
	Scatter'd translations of the Holy Word,
	(The first known versions in a modern tongue,)
	Prepared by Waldo's zeal and piety.
	The Albigenses in the south of France
	Soon felt the burning wrath of Papal Rome.
<i>abt.</i> 1206.	The Inquisition, founded recently
<i>acc.</i> 1198.	By Innocent the Third, was now confirm'd
<i>1209.</i>	For their destruction. In twelve hundred nine
	And the succeeding years, the fiery sword
	Of persecution did its cruel work
	In Southern France, and wheresoe'er it found
	These daring candidates for martyrdom.

*b. abt. 1324,
d. 1384.*

*d. 1400,
d. 1410.*

*d. 1415, d. 1416,
d. 1498.*

Surpass'd by none, well styled the Morning Star
Of Reformation, wise, devout, and bold,
Was Wicliffe, who in Second Richard's reign
Stood bravely forth, and preach'd the Word of God;
And laying bare the heresies of Rome,
Taught from the Gospel, as the only source
Of light and wisdom. England owed to him
The first translation of the Holy Book
Complete in English. Following his steps
Came then the English Lollards. All in vain
Was persecution's red and ruthless hand
Put forth against these heralds of the truth,
Who rather chose to die the martyr's death
Than turn again to darkness from the light.
Sawtre and Bradby early met their fate;
Lady Jane Boughton and the Lady Young,
And then Lord Cobham, won the martyr's crown.
Alas! the time was not yet come, and Rome
Extinguish'd with the faggot and the stake
The shining lights that show'd the path to heav'n.
And so, abroad, died Huss, Jerome of Prague,
And, later still, Savonarola too;
But not in vain they taught. The minds of men,
Held hitherto in darkness, now beheld
All bare the huge deformities of Rome,
And with them, side by side, pure simple truths
So long obscured. Chiefest of all, they learn'd
That God has giv'n to man one only way,
Through one Atonement, to the life to come.
They learn'd that no frail being like themselves
Could save, or doom to punishment, their souls;
And that the superstitious mummeries

And monkish frauds, relics and images,
Find no authority in Holy Writ.
Though Rome might yet prevail a little while,
The seed was sown, the harvest could not fail.
The light was dawning; stormy clouds, indeed,
Might hide the sun, but yet the sun was there,
And soon in God's good time a champion came
To vindicate the cause of Gospel truth,
And give the Reformation to the world.

III. THE DAYLIGHT.

- This champion of the light at length arose
 In Martin Luther. At Eisleben born,
 In fourteen eighty-three—a miner's son,
 He pass'd his early years in poverty.
 We find him singing hymns from house to house
 To earn his daily bread. Then, at fifteen,
 He went to Eisenach; and, at eighteen,
 To Erfurth University. 'Twas here
 That study, deep and anxious, and the death,
 By lightning, at his side, of one he loved,
 Wrought on a mind in youth devoutly train'd
 Strong deep impressions of religious truth;
 And Luther, thirsting only for the light,
 World-weary, as an Augustinian monk
 Chose the monastic life. He was ordain'd
 A priest in fifteen hundred seven; and then
 The following year, when only twenty-five,
 Became Professor of Theology
 At Wittemberg, and taught with great success.

1510.

His mind was active, clear, and strong; his heart,
 Unmatch'd for intrepidity, was yet
 Humble and honest, kindly, genial, frank,
 And free from guile. With such a mind and heart,
 Seeking with patient earnestness the truth,
 How could he fail to see that Papal Rome
 Usurp'd, by Masses and Indulgences,
 Rights that belong to God himself alone?
 Slowly, but irresistibly, arose
 In Luther's mind convictions clear and deep,
 (The key to all his after life,) that Man
 Is justified by Faith. He went to Rome;
 And all he saw and heard only confirm'd
 His strong convictions, and his honest wrath
 At Rome's false teaching and her mummeries.
 Return'd to Germany, he soon became
 A Doctor of Divinity; and then
 His teaching, clear, and eloquent, and bold,
 Drew multitudes of students round his chair.
 His apostolic preaching, too, became
 Renown'd through Germany, and gain'd for him
 (What afterwards he found of priceless worth)
 The friendship and esteem of Frederick
 The Wise, Elector then of Saxony.

1517.

It was in fifteen hundred and seventeen,
 While Martin Luther taught at Wittemberg,
 That Tetzl came across his path. Just then
 Leo the Tenth, seeking to raise the funds
 To renovate St. Peter's church at Rome,
 Was sending monks throughout the Christian
 world .

b. 1475, }
acc. 1513, }
d. 1521. }

Oct. 1517.

To sell Indulgences. God will'd it so
That Tetzel, coarse and clever, had to deal
With minds debased by want of Gospel light ;
And consequently his appeals were made
In coarse, and barefaced, and revolting terms.
Here was a pardon, for a trifling sum,
For ev'ry sin ; and not for those alone
Already done, but for the future too ;
Not for the living only, but the dead.
The tree needs lie no longer as it fell :
“ No sooner does the money clink,” said he,
“ Than straight the soul from Purgatory flies
To Heav'n at once.” Think ye it was by chance
That teaching such as this was shouted out
With vulgar jests, at Martin Luther's door ?
Straightway he rose, proclaiming to the world
That such pretences, though put forth by Rome,
Were false and contrary to Holy Writ.
On Wittemberg church doors he then affix'd
Ninety-five propositions, setting forth
That men can not be saved by means like these,
But only justified by Faith. Then came
Fierce controversies, till the hot dispute,
No longer now confined to Wittemberg,
Spread far and wide ; and earnest, thinking men
Were found throughout the whole of Germany
Supporting Luther's views.

Leo the Tenth

Then fill'd the Papal chair,—a clever man,
And famous friend to learning and the arts,
But worldly-minded, fond of earthly pow'r,
And little suited to the trying task

1518.

Of saving Rome from what now threaten'd her.
 But Maximilian saw the coming storm,
 And warn'd at last by him, Leo the Tenth
 Now summon'd Luther to appear at Rome.
 Frederick interposed his friendly aid ;
 And Luther, who might well indeed have fear'd
 The issue, if compell'd to go to Rome,
 Appear'd before the Legate Cajetan
 At Augsburg. Rome gain'd nothing by this step.
 Luther would not recant. In truth, a man
 Who, like this Romish Legate, could assert
 That as one drop of the Redeemer's blood
 Was all-sufficient to redeem mankind,
 The rest was all entrusted to the Pope
 For his disposal, stood but little chance
 Of turning one like Luther from his path.
 Cajetan's mission thus completely fail'd.
 The courtly Miltitz then was sent to win,
 By gentle means, the bold Reformer back
 To Rome ;—'twas all in vain. Then next ensued

1519.

The famous Leipsic disputations. Here
 In public a debate was carried on,
 Lasting ten days. The famous Doctor Eck,
 Of Ingolstadt, upheld the Church of Rome ;
 Luther, the Church of God. He took his stand
 On Scripture ground. From Holy Writ alone
 He answer'd all the learned arguments
 Based on the Schoolmen, on traditions old,
 And the decrees of councils ; these were all
 The words of men : his words were those of God.
 Both parties claim'd the victory. But mark !
 Melanethon, and full many a thoughtful man

b. 1497, }
 d. 1560. }

A.D.	150 EPITOME OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
1520.	<p>Had witness'd that debate ; and its effects Were soon apparent in the rapid growth That Luther's doctrine found, while he himself In studying, in thinking, and no less In thus debating on the Word of Life, Came to this new conviction, that the Pope Was really either Antichrist himself, Or else his messenger. What wonder then That when the Pope, now thoroughly arous'd, Issued a Bull to excommunicate This bold, rebellious preacher, and condemn'd His writings to be burnt, Luther, whose soul Was now awaken'd to a new idea, At once bade bold defiance to the Pope, Burning the Papal Bull at Wittemberg, And wholly casting off the yoke of Rome ? Remember well that great eventful day :</p>
<i>Dec. 10, 1520.</i>	<p>In fifteen twenty, and December tenth, The new protesting Gospel-Church came forth And stood alone, owning no head save Him Who came from heav'n to give us light and life. Behold the famous champion of the Word Summon'd, in April fifteen twenty-one, Before the Diet held by Charles the Fifth At Worms. Among the princes there he stood, Proclaiming earnestly the cause of truth. Recant ! they little knew his honest heart, Or how such men are strengthen'd from above. The edict might be issued : what of that ? Luther had toil'd and labour'd night and day, Answering, guiding all throughout the land Who sought the light, and join'd the holy work.</p>
1521.	

His doctrines now had firmly taken root ;
 No pow'r on earth could now eradicate
 The purer faith. Yet there was risk enough
 That some of his relentless enemies
 Might wreak on Luther their fanatic hate ;
 So the Elector, fearing for his life,
 Convey'd him to the Wartburg. There he liv'd
 Conceal'd from all his foes ; nor idly pass'd
 His time ; for in that Patmos Luther made
 That great translation of the Holy Word
 Which to this day is used in Germany ;
 Thus giving to his Fatherland a work
 That would alone have justly earn'd for him
 The blessings of mankind. The closing years
 Of Luther's life (too oft, alas ! the case
 With those who thus have wholly spent themselves
 In serving God and benefiting man)
 Were full of anxious cares. His wedded life
 Was happy, it is true, but he was doom'd
 To see divisions in the rescued Church,
 And grieve at wild excesses which arose
 Out of the liberty so newly found
 And did dishonour to the holy cause.
 But the great work was done. In Germany
 Full many a prince and province had embraced
 The truth, and shaken off the rule of Rome.
 In Sweden (having bravely freed the land
 From Danish tyranny) judiciously
 Gustavus Vasa led the people on
 To follow in the Reformation's path.
 Switzerland too, by famous Zwingli led,
 Was Protestant. In England Papal Rome

m. 1524.

b. 1490, }
acc. 1523, }
d. 1560. }

b. 1484, *d.* 1531.

1530. Soon ceased to be supreme ; and Denmark too,
And Holland, chose the light, and broke away
From Rome. 'Twas all in vain the Diet met
At Augsburg, fifteen thirty, and condemn'd
The tenets by Melancthon well set forth
In the far-famed "Confession." To avert
The storm that threaten'd them, the princes met,
And form'd for purposes of self-defence
1531. The League of Smalcalde. What might now
have been
The issue of the struggle, had it then
Burst forth in all its fury, none can tell.
But happily the Emp'ror Charles the Fifth,
Eager that all his empire should unite
To aid him in his war against the Turks,
And willing to conciliate, now recall'd
1532. The Edicts both of Worms and Augsburg too ;
And Luther, ere his mighty spirit pass'd
1546. From earth to heav'n, in fifteen forty-six,
Thus liv'd to see his holy task fulfill'd,—
The truth triumphant in his Fatherland,
And half of Europe rescued from the thrall
Of Papal Rome,—its darkness swept away
Before the gladd'ning beams of Gospel light.

78. THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

1572. The massacre of St. Bartholomew
Took place in fifteen hundred seventy-two.

acc. 1560,
d. 1574.

King Charles the Ninth of France, a cruel king,
Did this most wicked and inhuman thing,
And laid this direst of all royal plots
Against the Protestants, or Huguenots.

acc. 1574,
d. 1589.
b. 1504, *d.* 1589.

Henry the Third was Charles's cruel brother;
Cath'rine de Medicis their wicked mother.
How could a deed like this result in good?

b. 1550, *d.* 1588.

It fill'd the land with anarchy and blood.

b. 1553, }
acc. 1589, }
d. 1610. }

The Duke of Guise, a man of dark intrigue,
Headed the Papists in their famous league;
Henry the Fourth, then Monarch of Navarre,
Headed the Protestants in that fierce war.

In Henry of Navarre much good we find;
But yet though brave, and generous, and kind,
He wanted purity and strength of mind.

His nature in too soft a mould was cast,
His impulses were good, but quickly past,
And he became a Romanist at last.

And all too well did Charles's plot succeed:
The consequences of this awful deed
In France's later history we read.

She riveted Rome's iron fetters tight;
She clos'd her eyes against the dawning light;
Her Church sits shrouded yet in Papal night.

Protestantism is friend to liberty;
We look around, and wheresoe'er we see
Rome still supreme, the nation is not free.

79. THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

1534.
b.1491, d.1566.

They little knew the pride of Papal Rome
Who thought the newly rescued Church was safe
From further danger. In the self-same year
When Luther gave his Bible to the world
The order of the Jesuits arose,
Founded by stern Ignatius Loyola,
A soldier once, now an enthusiast.
Protestantism has had no enemy
More deadly than this famous brotherhood,
Whose doctrine into proverb now has pass'd,
That evil, done to benefit the Church,
Is good and holy.

1545.

Fifteen forty-five
Saw the great Council call'd at Trent (prolong'd
For nearly eighteen years in all), at which
The claims of Rome were all upheld; and then
The Diet, next at Ratisbon convened,
Confirm'd its force against the Protestants.
War soon broke out. In fifteen forty-seven
Mühlhausen's sore defeat cast down the hopes
Of Germany; but not indeed for long.
Maurice of Saxony soon took the field,
And so successfully, that he obtain'd
In fifteen fifty-two the famous peace
Of Passau, which confirm'd the Protestants
In civil and religious liberty.
Then came a time comparatively calm;
It was the calm before a hurricane.
The reign of Rudolph served to alienate

1552.

The motley States beneath the Austrian rule
From the Imperial Crown. Matthias next
Succeeds to him in sixteen hundred twelve,
But ere his reign is ended we behold
Bohemia, one of the revolted States,
Choose for its king a sterling Protestant,
In Fred'rick the Elector Palatine.
'Twas to recover this revolted State
That Ferdinand the Second, Emperor
Of Germany, now went to war ; array'd
With him we find the mighty pow'r of Spain,
And Maximilian of Bavaria
Headed the League against the Protestants.
On Fred'rick's side was many a German prince,
Determined to uphold the purer faith ;
And France, though Roman Catholic herself,
From policy and hate to Austria
Aided the Protestants in Germany,
Whilst blindly persecuting them at home.
Volumes indeed might scarce suffice to tell
The various changes of this fearful war,
Which now from sixteen hundred and nineteen
To sixteen forty-eight, just thirty years,
Brought desolation upon Germany.
Its horrors never yet have been surpass'd.
Alas ! the sword, drawn in the sacred name
Of God and of religion, ever strikes
With tenfold bitterness. The chief events
May briefly thus be told. The Protestants
Suffer'd their first and chief defeat at Prague
In sixteen twenty. Then a famous League
With Denmark and King Christian at its head

1619 to 1648.

A.D.	156 EPITOME OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
<i>b.</i> 1583, <i>d.</i> 1634. <i>b.</i> 1559, <i>d.</i> 1632. 1630.	Revived their sinking hopes. And now we see The famous Austrian leaders, Wallenstein And Tilly, bearing all resistance down ; Proud, haughty, and imperious Wallenstein, And Tilly, fierce, relentless man of blood. Alas for Magdeburg ! too well indeed Could she describe the horrors of the war ; But she was soon avenged. For now appear'd Another hero on the battle field, Who turn'd full soon the sweeping tide of war.
<i>b.</i> 1595, } <i>acc.</i> 1611, } <i>d.</i> 1632. } 1631.	In great Gustavus, great alike in peace And war, the Protestants at last had found A champion worthy of so great a cause ; And Leipsic soon saw such a victory, That after that renown'd decisive day (Although the war yet lasted sixteen years), The Romish cause in Germany was lost. Another year roll'd past, and Lützen's fight, Whilst adding one more laurel to his crown, Beheld the hero slain ;—his work was done.
1632.	Another year roll'd past, and Lützen's fight, Whilst adding one more laurel to his crown, Beheld the hero slain ;—his work was done.
1634 to 1645.	The fights of Nordlingen might cast by turns A temporary weight in either scale ;
1634.	But though the German princes made a peace With Austria, yet the gallant Swedes we find, Join'd with the French commanded by Turenne, Gain'd many victories, until at length
1648.	In sixteen forty-eight a peace was sign'd At Osnaburg and Münster, better known As the Westphalia peace. Thus finally The rights of all were settled and confirm'd : The War of Thirty Years was at an end.

80. LOUIS QUATORZE.

b. 1638,
acc. 1643,
d. 1715. }

The long long reign of King Louis Quatorze,
Which lasted in all two and seventy years,
Was fraught with cruel and profitless wars,
That plunged many nations in sorrow and tears.

1648. In Sixteen hundred and forty and eight,
Five years after Louis ascended the throne,
Westphalia's treaty had settled each State,
The bounds and the limits of each being shown.

1665. In sixteen hundred and sixty and five,
On Flanders his troops irresistibly fell ;
The Spaniards out of the country they drive,
1668. And then comes the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

b. 1621, *d.* 1686. A great French Marshal, the famous Condé,
Led Louis's legions to victory then,
Whilst all the province of Franche-Comté,
b. 1611, *d.* 1675. Was won in a fortnight by Marshal Turenne.

1672. The Dutch, the next whom King Louis attack'd,
Were very soon swept nearly out of their land ;
At last some monarchs the Hollanders back'd ;
And William of Orange then made such a stand,

That sixteen seventy-eight, to his cost,
King Louis, quite foil'd in his lofty design,
At once, by Nimeguen's treaty has lost
1678. Both Flanders and all he had gain'd on the
Rhine.

But when of struggles so profitless tired,
 King Louis, exhausted, seems willing to pause,
 His foes by fear or by hatred inspired,
 Make war upon him without any good cause.

Alas ! full many a city so fair,
 That stood on the banks of the Rhine's rapid
 tide,
 Lights up the stream with a terrible glare,
 And deeply with slaughter its eddies are dyed.

Stern fate o'er Louis now seems to impend !
 He calls upon France, and he calls not in vain ;
 And Ryswick's treaty then brings to an end,
 1697. Sixteen ninety-seven, war's terrible reign.

Once more, ere humbled and broken he died,
 The merciless sword was by Louis unsheathed ;
 Who could refuse, with some right on his side,
 The kingdom of Spain to his grandson be-
 queath'd ?

Turenne is gone, and the famous Condé ;
 Though had they yet lived it had little avail'd ;
 b.1650, d.1722. Where Marlborough marshall'd his troops in array,
 Condé or Turenne might full surely have fail'd.

The direst of struggles must, happily, cease,
 And Louis, most woefully humbled in pride,
 1713. In sev'nteen thirteen concluded the peace
 1715. Of Utrecht, and then two years afterwards died.

81. THE WAR OF THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.

Come and listen to me ; with a very few lines
You may put yourself quite in possession
Of the principal actors, their aims, and designs,
In the War of the Spanish Succession.

acc. 1665,
d. 1700.

Charles the Second of Spain, son of Philip the
Fourth,
Had no children ; and so to his crown,
While the king was yet living, three claimants
stood forth—
In their order we'll set them all down.

First, King Philip the Fourth's eldest daughter
(her name
Was Maria-Theresa) was spouse
Of King Louis Quatorze, so he put in a claim
For the Dauphin, the heir of his house.

Second, Leopold's Empress, like Louis's Queen,
Was a daughter of Philip the Fourth ;
So her grandson—the Prince of Bavaria, I mean—
Had a title of no little worth.

Thirdly, Leopold, Austria's Emp'ror, preferr'd
A fair claim by descent from his mother,
Because she was a daughter of Philip the Third,
So that Philip the Fourth was her brother.

Now a female, by old Salic law, over Spain
Could not reign, though her male issue might ;
So if this had been all, then the Dauphin, 'tis plain,
Or the Prince, would have had the best right.

But both daughters of Philip the Fourth had in
fact,

When they married, relinquish'd all claims ;
So 'twas urged that their heirs were not bound by
an act

To which they had not set their own names.

Well, the monarchs, of war and its horrors afraid,
A more peaceful arrangement devise ;
And amongst them a treaty was very soon made,
To divide the magnificent prize.

But the stern hand of death set their treaty aside,
And defeated their peaceful design ;

The Electoral Prince of Bavaria died

1699. In the year sixteen ninety and nine.

On this, Leopold, Louis, and William the Third,
Tried their hands at a treaty again ;

But now one or the other the matter deferr'd
Until all their endeavours were vain.

For the wretched career of King Charles now was
run ;

He, in seventeen hundred, died too ;
And his throne he bequeath'd to the French Dau-
phin's son—

Namely Philip, then Duke of Anjou.

France and Austria soon went to war for the
plunder;

But with neither was England allied,
Until Louis committed a very great blunder,
And thus drove her to Austria's side.

1701. For in seventeen hundred and one, ex-King James
Died in France, as no doubt you have heard;
And then openly Louis acknowledg'd the claims
Of his son, whom he styled "James the Third."

Then King William, who had until now stood aloof,
Watching all with his eagle-ey'd glance,
Against such a plain insult as this was not proof,
And at once declared war against France.

The war lasted for nearly the whole of Anne's
reign,

And all Europe was terribly shaken;
Many ancient possessions were wrested from Spain,
1704. And Gibraltar by England was taken.

And great Marlborough's triumphs on Louis's
brow

Soon imprinted full many a furrow;
1705. While in Spain the strong walls of Montjuich had
to bow

b. 1658,
d. 1735. To eccentric, but brave Peterborough.

Marshals Villeroi, Catinat, Boufflers, Tallard,
Many famous, great victories lost;
They had taught their opponents the science of
war,

And they now found it out to their cost.

b. 1654,
d. 1712.

Yet, before the war closed, the great Duc de Vendôme

And great Villars such victories gained,
That King Philip the Fifth in his new Spanish home

Undisputed as monarch remained.

1713.

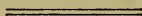
And the Treaty of Utrecht, in sev'nteen thirteen,

Where the limits of France were concern'd,
Gave her back all that Marlborough and noble

* *b.* 1663,
d. 1736.

Eugene*

By their signal successes had earn'd.



82. NARVA AND PULTOWA.

1700.

Charles the Twelfth and Peter the Great

In seventeen hundred at Narva fought;

b. 1672,
d. 1725.

Peter suffer'd a great defeat,

Though eight to one to the field he brought.

1709.

Nine years later Pultowa's field

Beholds a change in the chance of war;

Now the Swedes to the Russians yield,

acc. 1697,
d. 1718.

And Charles succumbs to the conqu'ring Czar.

Pultowa well may claim a chiefest rank

Amongst the battle-fields of modern days;

Russia this famous victory may thank

For the great part she now in Europe plays.

acc. 1462.

Ruric the Russian monarchy began :
Then it owed much to Vladimir's bold sword :
Then, overrun by warlike Genghis Khan,
The land was held by many a Tartar horde.

And then brave Alexander Nevsky broke
The Tartar rod with which the land was scourged ;
Ivan the Third wholly cast off the yoke,
And Russia from its rudest state emerged.

Yet, sunk in barb'rous ignorance, the land
Govern'd by brutal monarchs still remained,
Till, under Peter's energetic hand,
Civilization it at once attain'd.

Perhaps no other nation ever made
Such mighty progress in so short a space ;
And had not Peter's bold designs been stayed,
Europe might now have worn a diff'rent face.

But Narva check'd him first ; and then the Turk,
After Pultowa, foil'd him on the Pruth ;
And Russia furnished him with nobler work
Than foreign thrones to conquer and uproot.

Great statesmanship and energy we see,
And courage too, display'd in Peter's life ;
But vices low, and selfish cruelty,
In this great Russian's character were rife.

Sweden, meanwhile, had not essay'd in vain
Amongst the thrones of Europe to stand forth.
Gustavus Vasa freed her from the Dane ;
And then the famous " Lion of the North "

Gave to her arms a fame surpass'd by none,
And Charles the Twelfth, at eighteen years of age,
Bade fair to rival him of Macedon,
And claim in history a glorious page.

But Charles, altho' a hero in the fight,
Was half a madman, reckless, coarse and rude;
And, holding ev'ry rule of prudence light,
By Peter's genius he was soon subdued.

Thus the dominion of the North engaged
In deadly war these monarchs of renown,
Whilst Austria, France, and England, fiercely waged
Their famous war about the Spanish crown.

Pultowa's fight the self-same year was fought
As that which Marlborough gained at Malplaquet:
Old Louis and young Charles alike were taught
How quickly earthly glories pass away.

They learn'd what Charlemagne too had learn'd
before,

And what Napoleon yet was doom'd to learn,
The days of Empires vast, like those of yore,
On Earth are destin'd never to return.



83. THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

The Seven Years' War was brought on by the
Prussians,

(King Fred'rick the Great having seized on
Silesia,)

The Austrians, leagued with French, Saxons, and
Russians,

Asserting the rights of Maria-Theresa.

1756. The war in sev'nteen fifty-six was begun ;
And Fritz (though he met some defeats with his
Prussians),

1757, 1757, At Rossbach, and Leuthen, and Zorrendorf, won
1758. Great victories over French, Austrians, and
Russians.

How all might have ended is doubtful indeed ;

1762. But Peter the Third became Czar of the Russians,
Deserting the cause ;—soon the others secede ;—

1763. Silesia remain'd in the hands of the Prussians.

 84. AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

When boys have grown too old for schools,

And enter into life as men,

What parent would enforce the rules

By which he govern'd them till then ?

When Albion's sons had learn'd to roam

O'er the wide world, on daring wings,

They would not brook that those at home

Should hold them yet in leading-strings.

So it fell out in sev'nty-five,
 Her sons across th' Atlantic Ocean
 Britannia manag'd thus to drive
 Into rebellion and commotion.

Old England wrathfully insists
 On duties, both on tea and stamps;
 Young England stubbornly resists
 What, as she thinks, her progress cramps.

Vow not where thou canst not command:
 Till he should crush them George the Third
 Vow'd he would never sheathe the brand;
 They triumph'd—and he broke his word.

1773-1774.

Loud ring the shouts in Faneuil Hall!
 Boston is first to strike the stroke;
 To arms, to arms! is now the call;
 Away with Britain's hateful yoke!

June 16, 1775.

They win the fight at Bunker's Hill,
 At Bennington, and other fields;
 And, lo! a greater vict'ry still!

Oct. 17, 1777.

Burgoyne at Saratoga yields.

Sept. 1777.

But they, too, some repulses meet;
 The English Philadelphia master;
Sept. 1777. Brandywine brings a sore defeat;
 And Valley Forge still worse disaster.

* *b.* 1732,
d. 1799.
Feb. 1776.

Lord Howe, hemm'd in by Washington,*
 Boston at length evacuates;
 Worse failure, too, in eighty-one,
 Cornwallis at York Town awaits.

Oct. 29, 1781.

Sept. 3, 1783.

In eighty-two a peace we find
At Paris sign'd ; in eighty-three
Britannia every claim resign'd,
And own'd Columbia wholly free.

July 4, 1776.

In sev'nteen hundred sev'nty-six
They made that famous Declaration,
From which in history we fix
Their independence as a nation.

Yes! all men *are* born free and equal!
Great, *glorious* code of human right!
Alas! it turn'd out in the sequel,
“ *All men*” meant “all whose skins are white.”

And slavery, that dire disgrace—
That blot upon the human name—
That foulest stigma of our race,—
Tarnish'd Columbia's flag and fame.

True, she but did as others did;
'Tis an excuse too oft thought ample;
But when for freedom thus she bid,
She should have set a great example.

And when, at last, the nations came
To cast away so foul a stain;
At least she might have done the same;
But no, she still held fast the chain.

Lo! as some dread distemper wears
And saps the strongest frame at length—
So, in herself, Columbia bears
The bane that shall destroy her strength.

No foreign State or outward foe
 She needs to deal the fatal thrust;
 She, she herself, shall strike the blow
 That lays the Union in the dust.

85. ITALY.

- What! shall Italy rise, and sit in the Council of
 nations?
- Mistress once of the world, her glory is surely
 departed.
- 409 & 410. Did not barbarous Goths dishonour the tombs of
 the Cæsars?
452. Did not Huns defile the soil once trod by Ca-
 millus?
455. Did not Genserich's Vandal hordes encamp in the
 Forum?
- Rome, imperial Rome, so lately the terror of
 nations,
476. Prostrate lay in the dust at the feet of the stern
 Odoacer.
- Who shall bid her arise, renewing the pride of her
 eagles?
- Italy did but sleep; the fire, not wholly extin-
 guish'd,
 Smouldering lay conceal'd under Rome's soul-
 stifling oppression.
- Still from time to time that fire, pent up in her
 bosom,

Full on the wondering world burst forth in the
splendour of genius,
Shedding a light on the gloom of dark Mediæval
enslavement.

Italy no more one, but rent into many republics,
Still both in arms and in arts outshone all the
nations around her.

Venice, throned on her isles, brought back the
proud days of the ancients.

Nearly a century old, outrivalling aged Camillus,
Dandolo sprang from the deck, on the conquer'd
walls of Byzantium.

Venice, founded at first by scatter'd bands of
Veneti,

abt. 452.

Flying in fear of the Huns—and soon a State in-
dependent—

800.

Though its far-famed capital first was built in
eight hundred.

b.1468,d.1560.
1528.

Genoa too, may proudly boast of a Doria, famous,
Mighty in peace and in war, who cast off the yoke
of the Frenchman.

Europe ne'er had beheld such great and powerful
navies,—

Great in commerce and war,—as those of these
rival republics,

from abt. 1260
to 1380.

Which for a hundred and twenty years still carried
on warfare,

Till (like Athens of old), in thirteen hundred and
eighty,

1380.

Genoa, too, her Ægos Potamos found at Chiozza.
Glorious days were those when proudly floated
their standards

1492.

Wheresoe'er on the wide, wide seas bold mariners
ventured !

Mark how the great Crusades increase their wealth
and importance,

Destin'd still to last till brave and skilful Columbus
Gave a new world to the old, and Spain and
Portugal then rose

Into the chiefest rank among great and flourishing
nations.

Fifteen hundred and eight beheld four powerful
monarchs

(Ferdinand, called the Catholic, Louis the Twelfth,
Maximilian,

Joined with Julius the Second,) combined for the
downfal of Venice.

1508.

Thus by the league of Cambray, this great and
mighty republic

Fell from its lofty estate, for ever deprived of its
glory.

b.1448,d.1492.

Florence, home of the Arts! thou, too, under
famous Lorenzo,

Over the whole wide world hast shed the rays of
thy genius.

What shall we ever behold that may rival the
bright inspiration,

b.1483,d.1520.

Speaking home to the soul, in Raffaele's lovely
Madonnas,—

b.1474,d.1564.

Chiefest star of a host? Or who shall excel
Buonarotti?

Whose dull, senseless heart thrills not with an
answ'ring emotion

b.1544, d.1595.

Over the glorious page of the song of the chivalrous Tasso?

b.1474, d.1533.

Bold Ariosto too, and stern, wild, fanciful Dante,

b.1265, d.1321.

Told to the world that Italy's day was not yet departed.

Yet once more she sank. All the world might bask in the sunshine

Shed abroad by her sons, in poetry, science, and painting;

Yet, divided at home, we behold her States ever changing,

Torn by the deadliest feuds, or subdued by foreign invaders.

Lo! this day we behold the sons of Italy rising,
Filled with chivalrous thoughts of Italy one and united.

Still we know not the end, and time alone shall disclose it:

Whether these various States, led on by the bold Garibaldi,

Yet shall unite once more, despite of the Pope and the Hapsburg,

Thus reviving again a strong and powerful kingdom,

Mighty and great as of old, with a voice in the Council of Nations.

86. ASIATIC CONQUEST.

If o'er the western world we glance,
The oldest records time hath spared
Sink into insignificance,
With Eastern history compared.

Assyria's realm had pass'd away,
And Judah's race was nearly run,
Before the European sway
Of Greece and Rome had well begun.

Thus mighty ancient Egypt too,
Through distant ages grand and grim,
Rises full early to our view,
Founded at first by Mizraim.

The loftiest works that man can show,
Constructed by the human hand,
Built forty centuries ago,
Still undestroyed in Egypt stand.

Europe was sunk in ignorance
For centuries; while many a nation
In Asia had made great advance
In science and in cultivation.

'Tis said the Babylonians knew
The science of astronomy,—
And we may well believe it true,—
Full twenty centuries B.C.

B.C.

b. 551, d. 470.

Little indeed is known to us
Of China; but its greatest sage,
The famous, wise Confucius,
Already in an early age

Was flourishing; five fifty-one
B.C. beheld the sage's birth;
And Pericles had not begun
To rule before he pass'd from earth.

Then in the great fifth century
That saw the fall of ancient Rome,
The Huns, from near the Caspian Sea,
Abandoning their savage home,

A.D.

abt. 445.

Invaded Europe's fertile plains;
And even to this day we see
Of that invasion the remains
In what is now called Hungary.

732.

Then came the Saracens, and fell
With sweeping fury on the West;
Though check'd at Tours by Charles Martel,
Spain they for centuries possess'd.

1038.

And then the Turkish Empire rose
(Ten thirty-eight it first began);
Soon it subdued all Eastern foes

1453.

And part of Europe overran.

b.1163,d.1227.

The fierce and mighty Genghis Khan,
Born in eleven sixty-three,
Might well be call'd a scourge of man,
So profligate of blood was he.

125.

He conquer'd China's capital,
And then the whole of Turkistan ;
Behold the King of Tangut fall
Before the sword of Genghis Khan.

From China, in the East, as far
As Persia, in the West, his throne
Was founded on successful war,
Enlarged from Tartary alone.

Yet think by what a gory way
He at this mighty pow'r arrives !
His victories, historians say,
Cost Man about five million lives.

1227.

At last, twelve twenty-sev'n, he died.
What came of all the blood he spilt ?
Four of his sons at once divide
The mighty empire he had built.

b.1335,d.1405.

Fierce and ambitious Tamerlane,
Or Timour, next in Asia rose
To sweep the East, a name to gain,
And found a realm on human woes.

Born thirteen thirty-five, we see
Him treading soon the path to pow'r ;
His warlike hordes victoriously
O'er Persia and Khorassan scour.

Bagdad is won. The thunderbolt
Then lights on India ; Delhi falls,
But from its plains a fierce revolt
To Bagdad soon his sword recalls.

def. 1402.
d. 1403.
1405.

Then towards the West his legions poured ;
And ere his sun in crimson set,
Damascus yielded to his sword,
And Timour conquer'd Bajazet.

He died in fourteen hundred five.
Not long his mighty empire stood ;
It did no more than just survive
The man who founded it in blood.

*b.*1618,*d.*1707.

And then of Aurungzebe we read :
Fierce, skilful, and courageous too,
By many a bold and daring deed
The Mogul pow'r he overthrew.

He died in seventeen hundred seven,
Of these stern conquerors the last ;
For soon, such was the will of Heav'n,
India beneath our sceptre pass'd.

At first a few bold merchants there
Engage in commerce and in trade ;
But when some Indian princes dare
Their rights to threaten and invade,

A hero rises up, whose fame
The world itself will not survive ;
And England may be proud to claim
Among her sons the noble Clive.

*b.*1725,*d.*1774.

1751.
1757.

Arcot beheld his daring skill ;
And Plassy's field, soon after, gain'd
That mighty hold which Britain still
Has for a century retain'd.

Yet was this conquest not for nought.
Britain ! beware, lest thou be found
Glory and commerce to have sought,
Yet to have fail'd to spread around,

Amongst the heathen at thy feet,
The knowledge God has given to thee :—
That knowledge, at the judgment seat,
A witness sure and stern shall be.

87. DISCOVERY.

Amongst the friends of humankind
A noble station those may claim,
Who, with a bold aspiring mind
Yet choose a peaceful road to fame.

Of all the means that influence
The welfare of society,
None, surely, can be more immense
Than great discoveries at sea.

Through them the knowledge of the Word
Over the wide, wide world is spread ;
And God's life-giving message heard,
Where all, indeed, had else been dead.

And much that God bestows on us
For comfort, happiness, and ease,
Is placed at our disposal thus
From distant lands beyond the seas.

And many, too, who gladly would
 To honest labour turn their hands,
 Thus only find a livelihood
 (Denied at home) in distant lands.

Then let us note a few of those
 Who on the wide and pathless sea
 Thus chiefly to distinction rose,
 By some new, great Discovery.

Old Marco Polo, first they say,
 Late in the thirteenth century,
 Found out that east of China lay
 A vast and island-studded sea.

From Europe's anxious, eager view
 America lay all conceal'd,
 Until, in fourteen ninety-two,
 Columbus first her shores reveal'd.

Vasco de Gama 'twas who found,
 In fourteen ninety-seven, the way
 To India, by the passage round
 The Cape, unknown till Vasco's day.

1497—1517.

Then the Cabots, two Frenchmen bold,
 Up the St. Lawrence made their way;
 And many new-found regions told
 How they explored America.

1500.

Cabral was first to find Brazil.
 On Vasco de Balboa, first,
 Gazing in wonder from a hill,

1513.

The sight of the Pacific burst.

1520. Magellan, history relates,
Was first to sail completely round
The world; he through Magellan's Straits
A path to the Pacific found.
1616. In sixteen hundred and sixteen
Came Schouten's passage round the Horn :
He call'd the Cape that he had seen,
After the place where he was born.
1506. Though Torres really, it would seem,
Sighted Australia as he pass'd
Through Torres Straits, he did not dream
Of any continent so vast.
1616. Dirk Hatichs on the Western coast
Discover'd first its great extent ;
And may perhaps most justly boast
Of having found this Continent.
- Then Bougainville, in later times,
Sail'd round the world ; and others, too,
Explored unknown and distant climes,
Still finding something strange and new.
- b. 1728. England has had full many a son
On whose discoveries we look
With honest pride ; but surely none
More worthy of renown than Cook.
1770. Twice wholly round the world he sails,
(A task by no means then so light
As now) discov'ring New South Wales,
And many regions rich and bright.

d. 1779.

At length, his country's boast and pride,
This famous searcher of the sea
A victim to his duty died
By savage hands at Owyhee.

88. THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

I. CAUSES.

Oppressive taxes, join'd to royal waste,
Unjust, and useless wars, these are the crimes,
With haughty nobles, and a Court unchaste,
That lead to troublous and rebellious times.

'Twas so in France; and hapless Louis Seize,
Although himself of such things innocent,
Dies on the scaffold, and unjustly pays
The penalty of past misgovernment.

The hurricane of conquest sweeps the scene
With sudden desolation far and wide;
And where a great and mighty realm had been,
Soon nought but crumbling ruins are descried;

While literature, like the gentle breeze,
Not strength alone and healthful vigour brings
Too oft the seeds of death and dire disease
It bears upon its slow and poison'd wings.

The few will ever for the many think;
And if their thoughts and writings be impure,
The many, who from poison'd sources drink,
Show the result;—'tis slow, but not less sure.

b.1712,d.1778.
b.1694,d.1778

Rousseau, Voltaire, and others in their day,
 Wielded no other weapon than a pen ;
 But deadly and destructive was the sway
 They exercised upon the minds of men.

It is, in truth, impossible to doubt
 That all the pois'nous seed which they had sown
 In France, did much indeed to bring about
 The fearful storm that overturn'd the throne.

II. THE STATES-GENERAL.

1781.

Feb. 22, 1787.

And France like one immense volcano lay,
 The pent up fires of anarchy and strife
 Scarcely conceal'd beneath a fair outside ;
 While fitful, hollow murmurings at times
 Gave awful presage of her coming fate.
 Necker had been dismiss'd ; the only man
 To whom the nation gave its confidence.
 Calonne was little able to avert
 The total bankruptcy that threaten'd France.
 The Notables, in sev'nteen eighty-seven,
 Were then conven'd ; and they at last agreed
 To tax themselves,—the great ones of the State,—
 And bear some portion of the burthens laid
 Upon the people. But as easily
 Might some vast, falling fabric be sustain'd
 By straws and rushes. After this, Brienne
 Was call'd to take the helm, but all in vain ;
 And Necker was recall'd. By his advice
 The Three Estates, call'd the States-General,
 In eighty-nine at Paris were conven'd.

1788,
May 7, 1789

III. THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

All seem'd to promise well. There seem'd a hope
 That France might yet be sav'd. Vain hope, indeed !
 The Tiers-État, or Commons, rose at once
 In bold defiance. It proclaimed itself
 The National Assembly, and assumed
 In stern effect the government of France,
 Though for a while the throne might yet exist.
 Fierce, wild debates ensued, in which the voice
 Of Mirabeau resounded over all ;
 And France, by hot and headlong passions led,
 Swept madly on to Revolution's goal.
 Now many a noble too, the torrent swell'd :
 Highest of all, and basest, was the Duke
 Of Orleans, though the cousin of the king,—
 Known better by the name " Égalité."
 Powerful minds indeed were some of those
 That led the revolution ; yet, alas !
 The most were cruel, low, and profligate.
 Few, in the end,—noble or lowly born,—
 Of those who fann'd the fierce, devouring flame,
 Escap'd the cruel fate to which they doom'd
 Thousands on thousands of their countrymen.
 Amongst the chiefest of them all we find
 Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, and Marat.
 The first alone (who for his selfish ends
 Sought, ere he died, to stay the avalanche
 That his bold voice had brought upon the land)
 Escap'd a death by violence.

And now

Behold the populace, to fury rous'd,

b.1749, d.1791.

b.1747, d.1793.

- July 14, 1789.* Storming the dread Bastille, and casting down,
 With those gaunt, low'ring walls, the tyranny
 That long had crush'd the liberties of France.
 Yes! It was swept away. But there arose,
 Instead of it, a direr tyranny.
 That fatal day the tiger tasted blood:
 That day in France a reign of blood began,
 As yet unparallel'd. Full soon we see
 The National Assembly rooting out
- June 16, 1790.* All titles and distinctions, by decrees,
 Which, breaking down all wholesome barriers,
 Led on the lowest, vilest profligates,
 To treat as crimes that call'd aloud for blood,
 High rank and noble birth. What wonder then
 That monarchy should fare the worst of all!
 Already, in the previous year, the mob
- Oct. 6, 1789.* Had fiercely storm'd Versailles; and Lafayette
 Just barely saved from violence and death,
 Amidst the slaughter of the faithful Guards,
 The hapless king and queen, and those they lov'd.
 To Paris they were brought, and there remain'd,
 Appearing free,—but, prisoners in truth,—
 Till actual imprisonment and death
 Ended the tragic scene.
- Full many laws the new Assembly made,
 Altering ev'rything; the land itself
 Into Departments was divided. Soon,
 Unable to obtain supplies of funds
 To carry on the government, they made
 Vast confiscations of the property
1790. Belonging to the Church; demanding, too,
 Oaths of allegiance, which but few indeed

	Of all the clergy would consent to take. As for the nobles, their estates, of course, Were seiz'd upon. Nobles and clergy too, And all who now can manage to escape, Quit their devoted land, and emigrate To foreign countries, or enrol themselves Amongst the forces headed by Condé, And gather'd on the frontier, in the hope Of striking soon a blow for royalty.
<i>June 20, 1791.</i>	To flee from Paris an attempt was made By Louis and his queen, in ninety-one; 'Twas all in vain. Retaken at Varennes, They were conducted back, to linger on Yet for a little while,—mere shadows now Of royalty. September, ninety-one, The great Constituent Assembly gave Its Constitution forth. The king went down, And swore to hold it all inviolate.
<i>Sept. 3, 1791.</i>	Again there was a lull,—a ghastly pause;— It was the fearful stillness that precedes The howling tiger's leap upon his prey.
<i>Sept. 14.</i>	

 IV. THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

<i>Sept. 30.</i>	The old Constituent Assembly next Dissolv'd itself, as though its work were done: One, call'd the Legislative, took its place.
1792.	Danger now threaten'd from the foreign powers, Which long had held aloof for very fear Lest interference should arouse the ire Of France, and thus endanger Louis' life.

July 25, 1792.

They took up arms in seventeen ninety-two ;
 The Duke of Brunswick, in the chief command
 Of an invading army on the north,
 Issued a manifesto, threat'ning France
 With chastisement for all her cruel work.
 It seal'd the fate of thousands, and indeed
 Cut off all hope, if any hope remain'd,
 For Louis and poor Marie-Antoinette.

Sept. 20.

Some small successes Brunswick gained at first
 At Longwy and Verdun ; but France was rous'd,
 And Valmy's victory, ere long proclaim'd
 The mighty conqu'ring spirit, destin'd soon
 To lay full many a nation in the dust.
 The Revolution triumph'd : Valmy's fight,
 The glory of the elder Kellermann,
 Decided Europe's fate in that of France.
 Meanwhile the sight of an invading foe
 Had rous'd afresh the passions of the mob.
 We pause with horror at the fearful scenes
 That then ensued. A rabble, fierce and fell,

Aug. 10.

In August had attack'd the Tuileries,
 And massacred the Swiss who form'd the Guard ;
 While Louis would have shared the self-same fate
 With all he lov'd, had he not taken flight,
 And sought a refuge in the very walls
 Of the Assembly. Now the hour had come
 For sterner measures : they were all confin'd
 Captives within the Temple's gloomy walls.
 Insulted by the lowest of the low,
 They yet maintain'd a calm and holy peace.
 The lives of Louis and his family,
 While thus confin'd, a touching picture form

Sept.

Of resignation and domestic love.
Alas ! the deadliest passions now broke loose,
And massacres of savage cruelty
Reign'd all uncheck'd ; and not indeed alone
At Paris ; Lyons, Orleans too, and Rheims, '
And other cities, vied in cruel deeds
With Paris ; though we chiefly hear of those
Which there befel. And none of them surpass'd
The horrors of the wholesale massacres
Of thousands in the sad Bicêtre's walls ;
And then the slaughter of the priests who died
Extorting admiration e'en from those
Who did the fearful work. And then we come
To those mock trials, hastily got through,
To sweep away all traces that remain'd
In France of rank or of nobility ;
The forms of Justice were too slow to meet
The savage thirst for blood ; and thus we find
Hundreds of victims daily doom'd to die,
Like the pure, gentle, beautiful Princess
De Lamballe. But we draw the veil, and pause
In horror at the dread and awful thought,
That those who did these fearful deeds were men,
Men like ourselves ; many, perhaps, had been
As loving, kindly, and affectionate,
And thought as little they should ever come
To such a heart of blood. Be warn'd by them !
Once leave the path of love and holiness,
Once cast aside the wholesome fear of God,
Once lose the reverence for holy things,
And there is nothing base and devilish
That even thou mayst not become at last.

V. THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

*Sept. 21, 1792.**Sept. 22.*

The National Convention now sprang up,
 And govern'd France awhile. Its first decrees
 Proclaim'd that monarchy was at an end,
 And France was a Republic. Ev'rywhere
 Men aim'd at imitating ev'rything
 That might recall the glories of old Rome.
 Manners and customs, dresses, ev'rything
 Republican, was now the rage in France ;
 And Citizen became throughout the land
 The only title known. It was not long
 Before the last act of the tragedy

Dec. 11, 1792.

Fill'd Europe with dismay ; for they arraign'd
 Unhappy Louis for his so-called crimes
 Against the nation. Then, of course, there came
 A mockery they call'd a trial ; then

Jan. 21, 1793.

The guillotine perform'd its fearful work,
 And Louis Seize was sent to his account.
 Gentle and harmless tow'rds his fellow-men,
 He dearly loved the France that murdered him ;
 And died at last a victim to the crimes
 Of others, and to past misgovernment.
 Before that fearful, fatal year had closed,
 His queen, unhappy Marie-Antoinette,
 Whose gentle courage had so long assuag'd
 His bitter trials, and whose character
 (Though indiscretion was at times her fault
 In days full trying to a Queen of France)
 Deserves our warmest admiration, fell

Oct. 16, 1793.

Like him a victim to the nation's rage.
 And in the Temple's cheerless solitude

June 9, 1795.

The Dauphin too pass'd from this stormy world.
 But Europe, rous'd to vengeance by the death
 Of Louis, now arose in arms. Yet France
 Quail'd not before the coming storm ; at once
 All her tremendous energy shone forth
 In preparations for the deadly fight.
 Ten kingdoms she defied to open war,
 And prov'd full soon the prowess of her arms.

1793 & 1794.

VI. THE REIGN OF TERROR.

At home, alas ! the horrors still went on
 Increasing daily. The Committee form'd
 For "Public Safety" soon at Paris rose,
 With hundreds more throughout the land ; their
 aim

Was to root out, beneath the guillotine,
 And quench in blood, all that oppos'd their sway.
 This was the Reign of Terror. It is said
 That nineteen thousand persons met their fate
 In Paris by the guillotine alone.

The land was now one hideous theatre
 Of fearful massacres ; nor high nor low
 At last were safe ; all that was holy too
 Was spurn'd and scouted by the reckless men
 Who sway'd with impious and polluted hands
 The destinies of France. Yet, one by one,
 They fell before each others' vengeful hate,
 Till, finally, in ninety-four, we find

1794.

Robespierre supreme. Terror was at its height,
 And no one now felt certain that his turn

July 28, 1794.

To perish might not be the very next.
 At length the cup o'erflow'd. In self-defence
 Some of the boldest rose, and overthrew
 The hateful wretch, who miserably died,
 Amidst the execrations of the world,
 By that dread guillotine beneath whose edge
 So many victims he had doom'd to die ;
 And France, now wearied out with blood, return'd
 To ways less savage, wild, and terrible.

Oct. 27, 1795.

VI. THE DIRECTORY.

The form of government that next ensued,
 In ninety-five, was the Directory
 Of Five, assisted by two Councils ; one,
 The Council of the Ancients nam'd ; and one,
 The Council of Five Hundred. Milder men
 Now held the reins. Hope seem'd to dawn again
 Of peace and happiness in store for France.
 Yet not at once the high and boist'rous waves
 Calmly subside, when such a hurricane
 Has lash'd them to a height. Unpopular
 The old Convention had at length become :
 Paris had been the scene of fresh revolt :

Oct. 4, 1795.

October, ninety-five, the Sections rose.
 Full thirty thousand men, National Guards
 And Citizens of Paris (not the low
 And senseless mob), combin'd to overawe
 The government. On that day's issue hung
 Once more the fate of France ; and, happily,
 The cause of order triumph'd. There was one

b. Aug. 15,
1769.
d. May 5,
1821. }

Whose rising talent was already mark'd
By some of those who govern'd then the State.
The troops on which the government relied
Were few indeed ; but one was in command,
Whose courage, genius, and decision, turn'd
The scale that day. Napoleon Bonaparte
So well employ'd his little force, and made
Such dispositions, such precautions took,
That, after struggles terrible but short,
The masses of insurgents were dispers'd
And order was restored. From this time forth
The bayonet in France became supreme.
They well might welcome even that as mild
And merciful—a change with blessings fraught—
Who for so many years had liv'd beneath
The shadow of the fearful guillotine.
And now came foreign wars. In ninety-six
The French, commanded by young Bonaparte,
Skilfully turn'd the Alps. The famous names
Of Montenotte, and Millesimo,
Of Lodi, and Arcola, others too,
And Rivoli, in sev'nteen ninety-seven,
Told how a mighty genius had appear'd,
And revolutioniz'd the art of war.
Venice was conquer'd too ; and Austria,
With Italy and Switzerland, compell'd
To make a treaty, sign'd in ninety-sev'n
At Campo Formio. The Directory
Now sought to rid itself of one who might
E're long o'erthrow it ; and the ardent soul
Of Bonaparte was glowing with the thought
Of founding some great empire in the East.

1796.

1796.

1797.

1797.

	He soon embark'd for Egypt, but he found Here first in truth a lion in his path.
1798.	The famous Battle of the Pyramids Might sweep away a host of Moslem horse,
1801, 1798.	But soon Aboukir's sand hills, and the Nile, Destroy'd his hopes of Eastern sov'reignty ;
1799.	And Acre, held by bold Sir Sidney Smith, Made the great Frenchman "miss his destiny."
1799.	To France he now return'd, and there he found The op'ning he had sought. In ninety-nine The old Directory was overturn'd ; And Bonaparte, with two associates, Sieyes and Ducos, subordinate to him,
<i>Dec. 24, 1799.</i>	Set up the Consulate,—dissolving first, As Cromwell did the English Parliament, The Council of Five Hundred with his troops ; And, ere the year was closed, he stood supreme, First Consul, at the helm of mighty France. Wisely and well he labour'd to restore Full many things most needful for the State ; And France may well be grateful to the man Who, whilst he earn'd a mighty name abroad, Effected marvellous reforms at home.

VIII. THE CONSULATE.

	In eighteen hundred, war again broke out With Germany and Italy ; this year
1800.	He pass'd the Great St. Bernard, and in June
<i>June 14, 1800.</i>	Marengo saw a famous victory. In eighteen two, we find Napoleon made

Aug. 2, 1802.

Consul for life; and all his energies
 And matchless genius were devoted now
 To build again the fabric of the State,
 Which in the Revolution had been thrown
 So rudely down. Religious worship, too,
 Resum'd its place; and Bonaparte commenc'd
 The famous Code of laws that bears his name,—
 A work which well deserves the gratitude
 Of France and Europe. But the reign of peace
 Could not endure for long. The headlong tide
 On which Napoleon had embarked was one
 That knew no limit, and allowed no rest:
 For France had drawn the sword; and other
 Pow'rs,

1803 to 1805.

When France was ready to agree to peace,
 Found their advantage in protracted war.
 England was thus amongst her steadfast foes;
 And, burning with the proud, ambitious thought
 Of conquering that haughty little isle,
 Napoleon concentrated near Boulogne,
 In eighteen hundred three, and four, and five,
 A splendid armament, with which he hoped
 To carry out his aim. Trafalgar's fight
 In eighteen five completely crush'd the hope;
 England was safe.

 IX. THE EMPIRE.
May 18, 1804.

In eighteen hundred four the mighty chief
 Was crown'd as Emperor; but found himself
 (Even before Trafalgar's fatal day)
 Forc'd to relinquish, for a time at least,

	His threatened landing upon Britain's shore, And turn his arms against the Continent Now leagued to thwart his high, ambitious views. In eighteen hundred five he captur'd Ulm,
1805.	And gain'd the victory of Austerlitz, Known as the Battle of the Emperors. In eighteen six the Prussian monarchy Succumb'd before his terrible attack;
<i>Dec. 2, 1805.</i>	And Jena added yet another name To the long list of victories that made All Europe tremble at the name of France. In eighteen hundred seven he fought the fight Of Eylau, less decisive than the rest,
1807.	And Friedland, where the sturdy Muscovite, Though beaten, gave an earnest of the check That Bonaparte was doom'd to meet at last On Russia's fatal plains. But yet the Czar, All captivated by Napoleon's fame, Now made with him the celebrated Peace
<i>Oct. 14, 1806.</i>	Of Tilsit; and agreed upon the terms On which they should promote each other's aims In subjugating Europe. Bonaparte, Meanwhile, had set his brothers on the thrones His sword had conquer'd, or diplomacy Had made his own. Louis in Holland reign'd, And Jerome in Westphalia;—Joseph now, After the fall of Portugal, became, By the surrender of the Spanish crown, King of the whole Peninsula. But this Produced another war, which still went on For seven long years, till Wellington at last Drove out the French from Spain. In eighteen nine
1813.	

	Napoleon's old opponent, Archduke Charles, Held bravely out on many well fought fields, But met at Wagram yet one more defeat.
<i>July 6, 1809.</i>	This year saw Josephine's divorce ; the next
1809.	Marie-Louise, the Austrian, became
1810.	Empress of France ; this caus'd a jealousy Between Napoleon and the Russian Czar.
1812.	In eighteen twelve Napoleon undertook The fatal Russian expedition. Here Disaster and defeat were all he gain'd,
<i>Sept. 7, 1812.</i>	Though Borodino could not stop his way, And Moscow fell before him ; 'twas in vain. The stern, self-sacrificing Russians swept The land before him ; and with eager hands Gave to the flames their ancient capital. From Moscow's burning streets the conqueror Retreated, foil'd and baffled. That retreat Became a rout, and horrors ne'er before Endur'd by such an army, clos'd the scene. The end was now at hand. All Europe soon Combin'd against this proud, insatiable man, This great disturber of the public peace. In vain his arms invaded Germany ;
<i>May 1813.</i>	Lützen and Bautzen—empty victories— Were follow'd by a terrible defeat
<i>Oct. 1813.</i>	At Leipsic. All in vain he stood at bay, Now on the very soil of France ; in vain His energy and heroism eclips'd The great achievements of his early days.
<i>March 1814.</i>	Paris was taken, and the Emperor
<i>April 11, 1814.</i>	Compell'd to abdicate the throne of France. (This was in eighteen fourteen.) He was sent

1815.

To Elba, still an Emperor in name,
 And sov'reign of that little isle, yet bound
 To stay there; and the Bourbons were restored.

X. THE HUNDRED DAYS.

March 1, 1815.

Lo! the next year he re-appear'd in France,
 And march'd to Paris, while the nation rose
 To welcome back the idol of its heart.
 The Hundred Days beheld him once again
 Emp'ror of France; his wondrous energy
 Soon organiz'd an army; but the Pow'rs
 Of Europe were determin'd not to yield,
 Nor suffer one who prov'd himself so oft
 The scourge of nations, to destroy their peace.
 Their forces gather'd round him all apace :
 A bold attack he made with matchless skill,
 To crush his foes before they could unite,
 And conquer in detail his enemies ;

June 16, 1815.

And Ligny gave some promise of success.
 But from the English and the Prussian hosts,
 Combined upon the field of Waterloo,

June 18, 1815.

He met his greatest and his last defeat;
 And eighteen hundred and fifteen beheld
 The brother of unhappy Louis Seize
 Reseated firmly on the throne of France.

PART THE SIXTH.



ENGLISH HISTORY.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

89. THE BRITONS.

SOME nineteen hundred years ago,—
That is, about the year of grace,—
This pleasant England, you must know,
Was but a wild and rugged space.

The ancient Britons lived in huts,
Or roamed about from place to place;
They fed on herbs, and roots, and nuts,
And were a rude and savage race.

Yet free from foreign foes, until the hour
When, to assist the Gauls, Caswallon went,
And made a foe of that all-conqu'ring pow'r
Before whose eagles ev'ry nation bent.

90. THE ROMANS.

55.	Remember B.C. fifty-five, When Britons first with Romans strive. The first invasion proves in vain,
54.	But next year Cæsar comes again.

43.

Still the attempt Caswallon foils,
 And Cæsar once again recoils ;
 Nor Britain's liberty subverts,
 Though reaching Verulam in Herts.
 Then, for about a hundred years,
 Britain is free from Roman spears,
 Till Claudius, A.D. forty-three,
 Invades her more successfully ;
 Caractacus is sent to Rome,
 But Claudius spares, and sends him home.

409.

Now Britain to the haughty Roman bends,
 But learns the civilized and useful arts ;
 A.D. four hundred nine this thralldom ends ;
 To combat with the Goth, Rome's sword departs.

449.

Against the Britons, Picts and Scots combine ;
 And Vortigern, too weak to stand alone,
 Calls upon Hengist in four forty-nine ;
 The Saxons come, and make the land their own.

91. THE SAXON HEPTARCHY.

449.

Hengist, four forty-nine—eight forty-nine the date
 That sees the birth of Alfred, call'd the Great ;
 Between these dates four centuries pass by
 In which is form'd the Saxon Heptarchy :
 Jutes, Angles, Saxons, hold the land in thrall,
 With one Bretwalda ruling over all.

597.

The third Bretwalda, Ethelbert, A.D. five ninety-
 seven,

Was first of England's kings who trod the Christian's path to heav'n.

Bertha his wife, a French princess, first pointed out the way ;

Augustine with his forty monks soon came to preach and pray.

Then follow Saxon monarchs for two hundred years and more,

827. Till, in the year eight twenty-sev'n, the crown King Egbert wore—

The first of England's sovereigns who ruled from shore to shore.

92. SAXON KINGS.

827, 836. Egbert, first king of all the land ;—Ethelwolf follows next :

And in their reigns, by sea-king Danes the land is sorely vex'd.

The sea-king Ragnor-Lodbrog in the North is wreck'd and slain ;

His sons retreat to arm a fleet, and soon they come again.

d. 857. Now Ethelwolf four sons had he, each with a Saxon name,

Three Ethels, and an Alfred too—a king well known to fame.

d. 860 & 866. First Ethelbald, then Ethelbert, to join his sire had gone ;

866. And then the third son, Ethelred, is seated on the throne.

871.

He by the Danes at Ashdown in eight sev'nty-one
was slain;

And, at the age of twenty-one, Alfred began to
reign.

Many an English child, I ween, a wondrous tale
can tell,

Of strange, romantic things that in our Alfred's
reign befel :

What ill success attended him, when first he made
a stand ;

How, as a homeless fugitive, he wander'd through
the land ;

How still he persevered till he had humbled
Danish pride ;

d. 900
(or 901).

Then liv'd to bless his subjects ; and A.D. nine
hundred died.

How thoroughly the Danes he foil'd, from this
one fact appears ;

They ventur'd not to come again for full a hun-
dred years.

d. 925. }
d. 940. }
d. 946. }

Edward the Elder, Ethelstane, and Edmund first
succeed ;

King Edmund's sons, too young to reign, are set
aside indeed ;

And yet their uncle Edred no usurper may be
call'd,

Since by a Saxon custom on the throne he was
install'd ;

d. 955.

And afterwards, when Edred died, his nephews,
as we learn,

d. 959. }
d. 975. }

Edwin the Fair, and Edgar, wield the sceptre in
their turn.

- But Edwin married Elgiva; and Dunstan, who
rebell'd,
Placed Edgar on the throne from which his brother
was expell'd.
- d. 978.* Corfe Castle saw King Edgar's son, Edward the
Martyr, kill'd
E'en while he quaff'd the stirrup-cup, by false
Elfrida fill'd :
- d. 1016.* Thus for Unready Ethelred, her son, the crown she
gains;
His indolence and cowardice full soon bring back
the Danes.

93. SAXONS, DANES, NORMANS.

- Peace for a while with gold he buys; but when
from danger freed,
The Danish guards he massacres;—soon, to avenge
the deed,
The Danish monarch Sweyn, who mourns a sister
slaughter'd too,
- 1003 to 1013.* Comes with a mighty armament; ten years of war
ensue,
Till Sweyn has conquer'd all the land, and basely
Ethelred
Deserts his father's throne, and into Normandy
has fled.
- 1014.* But ere the crown is on Sweyn's head, death over-
takes the Dane,
And Ethelred from Normandy then hastens back
again!

- Then comes Canute, the son of Sweyn, and ravages the land,
But now by Edmund Ironside the Saxons bravely stand ;
1016. For, in one thousand and sixteen, weak Ethelred had died,
Bequeathing only war and woe to his son Ironside.
- Then Edmund and Canute agree to share the English throne,
1017. But Edmund soon is murder'd, and Canute then reigns alone.
Remember now three Danish kings, they were the only ones ;
1036. }
1040. } Canute; then Harold Harefoot, and then Hardi-
1042. } canute, his sons.
- Then Edward, son of Emma and of Ethelred, renowned
- As Edward the Confessor, next at Winchester was crown'd.
- He favour'd much the Normans, in whose land he had been bred ;
- Earl Harold, son of Godwin, of the Saxons was the head.
- In favour of Duke William, Edward sought to set aside
The true heir, Edgar Atheling, grandson of Ironside.
1066. When Edward died, ten sixty-six, Harold denied the right
Of William to the English throne: they meet at Hastings' fight.

b. 1027, }
 acc. 1066, }
 d. 1087. }

In that same fight, ten sixty-six, was Saxon Harold
 slain,
 And William, call'd the Conqueror, began his iron
 reign.

94. THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

14TH OCT. 1066.

Versified from Robert Wace's "Roman de Rou."

"Out to the fight, brave Saxons!
 The Norman is at hand;
 But he must pass o'er Harold's corpse,
 Ere he shall win the land."

"Nay, Harold," quoth Duke William,
 "The crown thou mayst not wear;
 Remember, thou on holy bones
 Fealty to me didst swear."

"'Twas in thy Norman castle
 I plighted thee my troth;
 Our Lady doth not bid me keep
 A forced, unwilling oath."

"To arms! to arms, brave Normans!
 With bow, and lance, and shield;
 Right soon the crown this Saxon earl
 To our good sword shall yield."

Loud through the Norman havens
The shipwrights' hammers ring ;
A goodly fleet across the strait
Duke William's might shall bring.

And goodly ships hath Harold
To watch the southern shore ;
But from the North come flying fast
Tidings full sad and sore.

For Norway's king, Hardrada,
Hath landed with his might.
Now Harold, thou must choose anon
Which foe thou first wilt fight.

Then swift and straight as arrow
From sturdy Kentish bow,
King Harold hies him to the North,
To fight his Northern foe.

At Stamford bridge twain Harolds
Spare neither stroke nor thrust ;
The Saxon standard waves aloft,
And Norway bites the dust.

Now hie thee South, brave Harold ;
Let not one hour be lost ;
While thou dost fight, the Norman fleet
The narrow strait hath cross'd :

Yet, be not rash, but wary ;
Seek not the Southern shore ;
Draw off thy force, and waste the land,
'Twill waste the Norman more.

“Nay, by my faith ! I will not
From this proud Norman flee,
Nor leave my good stout Sussex men
To bear the brunt for me.”

“Yet let me,” quoth bold Leofwine,
“Do battle in thy stead.
Perchance the sin of perjury
Might rest upon thy head.”

“No, heaven forefend,” quoth Harold ;
“Let good or evil come,
None other shall for England fight,
Whilst Harold bides at home.”

Through London speeds King Harold,
And to his standard crowd
Stout Kentish Saxons young and old,
To fight the Norman proud.

On, on he speeds towards Hastings,
By marches long and fleet ;
’Twill need the Normans’ stoutest heart
That stout array to meet.

“Ho ! set me up my standard
Where this green hill ye see ;
Here, midway on the slope, I trow,
The hottest fight shall be.

“And ye good men of London,
Guard ye my standard round ;
For ’tis your right about the king
To keep the battle ground.

“ And ye, good Kentish liegemen,
Go down into the front ;
For 'tis your right to strike the first,
And bear the battle's brunt.”

And lo ! a goodly rampart
With shield and ashen stake,
The Saxons build along the front,
The first assault to break.

And on the wooded uplands,
Across the narrow vale,
Long lines of Norman lances shine,
And glitt'ring coats of mail.

That night in song and feasting
The valiant Saxons spend ;
While low before a shriving priest
The pious Normans bend.

Bright rose the sun next morning
On those two armies bold ;
How many thousands shall not live
Its setting to behold !

Then Hugues Maigrot Duke William
With embassy doth send ;
“ Now choose ye one of these three things,
So shall our quarrel end.

“ Or yield me up the sceptre,
Or let the Pope decide,
Or by our two good swords alone,
Be this our quarrel tried.”

"I will not yield," quoth Harold ;
"No Pope shall judge for me ;
Nor will I stake on my sole arm
Fair England's liberty."

Yet still another message
Duke William then did try ;
And thus Maigrot to Harold spake,
The earls all standing by.

"If thou the crown wilt render
Into Duke William's hand,
All to the north of Humber mouth
Thou yet mayst rule the land.

"If not, nor here nor after,
Mayst thou for mercy look ;
For lo ! the Pope he curseth thee
By candle, bell, and book."

Sore troubled were the Saxons,
As men bereft of hope ;
They were in truth in sorry strait,
To choose 'twixt king and Pope.

Not long in sooth they doubted ;
Out flash'd their goodly glaves :
"What helpeth it to please the Pope,
If we be Norman slaves ?

"Already this proud Frenchman
Hath parcell'd out our lands ;
Better to die than see our homes
In these fierce Normans' hands."

Now when Maigrot this message
Back to the Duke did take,
Right valorous and goodly words
He to his barons spake.

“ Ho ! quit ye well and knightly,
This Saxon will not yield ;
And strike, as ye have struck full oft
On many a well-fought field.

“ Needs must ye win this battle,
For no retreat ye have ;
And if in flight ye safety seek,
The sea shall be your grave.”

Then in three parts Duke William
His army did divide,
One in the centre shall assault,
And one on either side. ✕

Sir Rogier de Mongomeri
The one flank doth command ;
Sir Alain, and Sir Ameri
Both on the other hand.

The centre of his army
William himself doth lead ;
A goodlier knight than he, I trow,
Never bestrode a steed.

Then Taillefer, right gaily,
Before the duke did ride ;
“ A boon, lord duke, I crave of thee,
And may not be denied :

“ For long and faithful service,
In guerdon and in fee,
Let me this day but strike the first,
Full quittance it shall be.”

“ ’Tis granted,” cried Duke William ;
Hotly he spurr’d away ;
And his good lance smote through and through
The first that died that day.

“ What do ye, sirs ? Strike boldly ;
Dex Aie !” he gaily cries ;
But scores of Saxons close him round,
And fighting thus he dies.

Now onward press the Normans ;
“ Dex Aie ! Dex Aie !” they shout :
Loud rings above the clash of arms
The Saxon cry “ Out ! Out !”

’Twould fill full many a ballad
The valiant deeds to tell,
That on fair Senlac’s sunny slopes
That fatal day befel.

Here Norman barons vaunting
O’er slaughtered Saxons ride :
There some stout, stalwart Saxon earl
Rolls back the battle’s tide.

Here the huge Saxon bill-hooks
Cleave Normans by the score :
There the fierce Norman’s flashing swords
Drink deep of Saxon gore.

Their bows right well and strongly
The Norman archers draw ;
But Saxon shields are stout and strong,
The arrows find no flaw.

But see ! the feath'ry shower
Shoots upwards to the skies ;
The falling shafts too surely bring
Woe to the Saxons' eyes.

Six hours the fight has lasted ;
The day is fleeting by ;
Woe's me ! a random shaft hath struck
Brave Harold in the eye.

He heedeth not the blinding,
He heedeth not the pain ;
Still sweeps his arm, and fences round
His standard with the slain.

On come the Normans charging
More fiercely than before ;
Alas ! the fallen standard tells
That Harold is no more.

Fallen are Gurth and Leofwine,
And all their host o'erthrown,
And where the golden standard stood,
The conqu'ror plants his own.

Barons and knights, uncovered,
Stand round him in a ring,
With dripping swords and lances red,
And hail him England's king.

The sun has set in crimson,
As though with carnage red;
The moon is wanly looking down
On thirty thousand dead.

What seek those holy fathers
Amongst the heaps of slain?
They search for noble Harold's corpse;
Alas! they search in vain.

Hush! 'Tis the swan-neck'd Edith,
That bends her o'er the ground:
Too soon the piercing eye of love
Her lover's form hath found.

Before the king, entreating,
A weeping mother stands,
And prays that Harold's corpse may be
Delivered to her hands.

"No, by my faith," quoth William,
"This Saxon earl so brave,
May, an he list, still guard the shore,
The sands shall be his grave."

That tomb had well befitted
The brave and gallant end
Of him who gave his life's best blood
His country to defend.

Yet when the mood was over,
The king did soon relent:
To Waltham Abbey Harold's corpse
For burial was sent.

So Norman William conquer'd,
 So Saxon Harold fell,
 And so this faithful chronicle
 Hath nothing more to tell.

95. STEPHEN AND MAUDE.

b. 1060, }
acc. 1087, }
d. 1100. }
b. 1068, }
acc. 1100, }
d. 1135. }

The Conqueror was followed by his son
 Rufus, who had his father's faults, indeed,
 But of his nobler feelings scarcely one.
 We then behold Henry the First succeed :

Matilda (Edith Maude), King Henry's bride,
 Was the great granddaughter of Ironside.
 Then followed Stephen, in whose troubled reign
 England was sorely vex'd with war again.

b. 1104, }
d. 1154. }

Stephen of Blois, remember well, by violence and
 fraud,
 Deprived of her inheritance his cousin, Empress
 Maude.

Henry the First, Maude's father, and the Con-
 qu'ror's son, was brother
 Of Adela, the Conqu'ror's daughter ; she was Ste-
 phen's mother.

1135.

When Henry died, his daughter Maude, by lineal
 descent
 Was rightful queen ; but Stephen said he knew
 that Henry meant

To disinherit Maude, and so he seized upon the crown ;

And in the war that follow'd, Maude was chas'd from town to town :

Now hidden in a hearse that moved with solemn step and slow,

Now stealing forth at midnight, clad in white, across the snow.

And Stephen too had his escapes, both marvellous and strange ;

Once for the Duke of Glos'ter he was given in exchange ;

1141. And left alone at Lincoln's fight, of rage and valour full,

He brandish'd his broad battle-axe, and bellow'd like a bull.

1153. At last they made a compromise,—that Stephen should retain

The crown until his death, and after him Maude's son should reign.

b. 1132, }
acc. 1154, }
d. 1189. }

Henry the Second, son of Maude, thus after Stephen came :

From Geoffrey, called Plantagenet, his sire, he took his name ;

And many a great and noble king that famous house did yield,

1485. Before the last, Third Richard, died on Bosworth's crimson field.

b. 1157, }
acc. 1189, }
d. 1199. }

At Henry's death, the Lion-heart succeeds ;
His warriors to the Holy Land he leads,

b. 1166, }
acc. 1199, }
d. 1216. }

Neglecting England whilst his fame he won.
 Then after Richard came the tyrant John,
 Who set his elder brother's child aside,
 Prince Arthur, who 'tis thought unfairly died.

96. HENRY THE THIRD.

b. 1207, }
acc. 1216, }
d. 1272. }

1258.

One Simon de Montfort, perhaps you have heard,
 Gave no little trouble to Henry the Third.
 King Henry had foreign relations by dozens,
 And took in magnificent pageants such pleasure, he
 Expended on shows, and those same foreign cousins,
 Whatever he managed to get from the Treasury.
 Though not a bad man, yet, as might be expected,
 The good of his subjects he sadly neglected;
 And soon the great famous Mad Parliament met,
 At Oxford, a new Magna Charta to get.
 Remember this Oxford mad parliament's date;
 The year was twelve hundred and fifty and eight.
 But as monarch and parliament could not agree,
 To Louis the Ninth they referr'd all the questions;
 He favoured the king, so the Barons, you see,
 Refus'd to abide by the French king's suggestions.
 Both parties were greatly to blame, there's no
 doubt,
 But Simon in open rebellion broke out.

1264.

In twelve sixty-four a great battle took place
 At Lewes, where Henry was prisoner made;
 Prince Edward, who fled while his guards ran a race,
 With Mortimer soon a new army array'd;

1265. The battle of Evesham took place the next year,
And ended the strife;
The Barons this time lost the battle, 'tis clear,
And De Montfort his life.

'Tis pleasant to add that the king became wiser,
And, finding in Edward a good sound adviser,
Made up for the past, doing all he could do.
1272. He died in twelve hundred and seventy-two.

97. EDWARD THE FIRST.

b. 1239,
acc. 1272,
d. 1307.

1282. Edward the First, Llewellyn slain,
Becomes first English king of Wales;
And seeking Scotland next to gain,
At first through Scottish feuds prevails.

1292. For though to Baliol Edward gives the throne,
He for the task soon proves too weak and old;
1296 And Edward as their king the Scots must own,
Till his hard rule arouses Wallace bold.

Heroic Wallace! long and well he fought,
Defying even warlike Edward's power;
1298. Though Falkirk's fight full soon disaster brought,
1305. And fix'd his head at last on London Tower.

Yet think not such heroic deeds were vain,
Or that a traitor's death they justly earn;
In every Scottish arm he fought again,
1314. When Bruce set Scotland free at Bannockburn,

b. 1284,
acc. 1307,
d. 1327.

And Second Edward, the Crusader's son,
Ignobly lost the prize his sire had won.

The battle of Falkirk was twelve ninety-eight :
Thirteen hundred and fourteen was Bannock-
burn's date.

b. 1320.
d. 1376.

98. THE BLACK PRINCE.

An Alcibiades, from vices free,
An Alexander, yet without his faults ;
Young, skilful, chivalrous, say who is he
Who lightly on his sable charger vaults ?

Mark well his crest, three snowy ostrich plumes,
Ne'er from the front of battle seen to swerve ;
" Ich dien : " I serve, the motto he assumes ;
They best command who best know how to serve.

The Black Prince, Edward, bravest Prince of
Wales,

Ere he had counted sixteen years of age,
To France with Edward, his brave father, sails,
In scenes of deadly warfare to engage.

1346.

In thirteen forty-six, on Cressy's plain,
To send him aid his noble sire demurs :
" An he be not outnumber'd, let him gain
This battle all alone, and win his spurs. "

1346.

In Cressy's battle first was heard the sound
Made by the fatal cannon's deaf'ning roar ;
Gunpowder's deadly uses had been found
By Bacon in the century before.

inst. 1344.

One of the Garter's first-created knights,
 Just ten years after Cressy's famous fray,
 The prince at Poitiers no less bravely fights,
 And pris'ner bears King John of France away.

1356.

Spain, too, the triumph of his arms beheld,
 Where still against him France he found array'd ;
 Pedro the Cruel, from his throne expell'd,
 As rightful king of Spain obtain'd his aid.

1367.

Nobly, but all in vain, Du Guesclin leads
 At fam'd Najara France's chivalry ;
 Again the English Prince of Wales succeeds,
 And France must yield to him the victory.

1376.

Alas for England ! Fell disease must blight
 One whom defeat had never yet laid low ;
 In thirteen seventy-six this noble knight
 Died without stain or blemish, at Bordeaux.

99. THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

b. 1312, }
acc. 1327, }
d. 1377. }

King Edward the Third eight sons had he,
 Though none of them wore the English crown ;
 Yet monarchs of England sprang from three,
 And thus we in order set them down.

First, Edward the Black Prince, glorious name,
 Then Lionel, John, and Edmund next ;
 By Thomas, and three unknown to fame,
 Our memories need not be perplex'd.

b. 1330.
d. 1376.
b. 1366. }
acc. 1377, }
d. 1399. }
b. 1367, }
acc. 1399, }
d. 1413. }

Now Edward, a prince of great renown,
 Just one year before his father died ;
 But Richard, his son, obtained the crown,
 Though Henry the Fourth set him aside.

 This Henry was son of John (of Ghent),
 But Lionel was John's elder brother ;
 And Mortimer's house could claim descent
 From Lionel's daughter, Roger's mother.

b. 1441,
acc. 1461,
d. 1483.
b. 1450,
acc. 1483
d. 1485. }

Tho' Edmund of York the crown ne'er gain'd,
 His grandson, Richard, perhaps you've heard,
 Was father of two bad kings who reign'd,
 Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third.

The Wars of the Roses took their rise,
 When fiercely the House of York was bent
 On wresting from Henry's race the prize
 Usurped by that son of John of Ghent.

Alas ! a red page in hist'ry shows
 How Lancaster's house in battle bore,
 As chosen device, a blood-red rose,
 While York as a badge a white one wore.

To York the best right we must assign,
 Though sprung from the fourth son (John was
 third) :

A marriage with one of Mortimer's line
 Duke Lionel's rights on York conferr'd.

May 4, 1471.

But Tewkesbury saw the contest close :
 There, after the fight, was basely slain
 The gallant young prince amidst his foes,
 Aveng'd in the end on Bosworth plain.

1485.

b. 1455, }
acc. 1485, }
d. 1509. }

For Richard the Third, so stern and grim,
 There lost both his life and England's throne ;
 And Henry the Seventh follow'd him,
 Whose title was his good sword alone.

1486.

**b.* 1491, }
acc. 1509, }
d. 1547. }

And now at an end was war's dread work ;
 Soon after we find King Henry marry
 The daughter of Edward the Fourth of York,
 Elizabeth, mother of bluff King Harry.*
 Whenever we read of wars long past,
 That fill'd all the land with blood and crime,
 Oh, let us give thanks to Him who cast
 Our lot in a happy, peaceful time.

100. THE REFORMATION.

b. 1324, }
d. 1384. }

John Wicliffe, of the Reformation
 Was justly call'd the Morning Star ;
 Such names as his adorn a nation
 More than great names renown'd in war.

1377.

Chiefly in Second Richard's reign
 (Begun in thirteen seventy-seven),
 He sought to make the Bible plain,
 And clear the tangled road to heaven.
 Two popes contending for the papal chair
 Made men like Wicliffe and the Lollards look
 Into the truth ; and spite of Rome, they dare
 Examine for themselves God's holy book.

A.D.	220 EPITOME OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
	<p>But yet, though stout of heart and pure of mind, They were too few to stem Rome's mighty stream; A century elapses, and we find The Church of Rome in England yet supreme.</p> <p>But Wicliffe's goodly seed had taken root, A glorious harvest in good time is seen; Abroad John Huss first show'd the holy fruit, A martyr fourteen hundred and fifteen.</p>
<p>1415.</p> <p><i>b.</i> 1489. <i>b.</i> 1495, <i>b.</i> 1500. <i>b.</i> 1470, <i>b.</i> 1505.</p> <p><i>b.</i> 1483. <i>b.</i> 1484, <i>b.</i> 1497. <i>b.</i> 1509. <i>a.</i> 1513, <i>d.</i> 1521. <i>Emp.</i> 1519. <i>d.</i> 1558.</p>	<p>Vain were the thund'ring bulls of Papal Rome, The goodly tree resists her fiercest shocks, Whilst Cranmer carries on the work at home } With Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, and Knox.</p> <p>Abroad bold Luther and his glorious train, } Zwingle, Melancthon, Calvin, take the lead; Leo the Tenth finds all resistance vain, And mighty Charles the Fifth cannot succeed.</p>
<p><i>b.</i> 1491. 1533.</p> <p><i>b.</i> 1537, <i>acc.</i> 1547, <i>d.</i> 1553. <i>b.</i> 1516, <i>acc.</i> 1553, <i>d.</i> 1558. <i>d.</i> 1555.</p>	<p>Yet strangely God's good purpose brings to life Events for which men scarcely dare to hope; Harry the Eighth, to put away a wife, Casts overboard at once both Church and Pope.</p> <p>Edward the Sixth, a noble-minded youth, From purer motives still upholds the truth. Mary attempts the purer faith to shake, But all in vain; e'en at the fearful stake Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, martyrs die, Rather than bend to Rome's supremacy.</p>

b. 1533, }
acc. 1558, }
d. 1603. }
a. 1685.

Elizabeth, that wise and manly queen,
 Again restores the Protestants to hope ;
 And not till James the Second's time was seen
 An English monarch bending to the Pope :
 Then to his cost he found it all in vain,
 England refused to bow to Rome again.

Yet was that purer faith no fabric new ;
 Protestantism did but clear away
 Rank, pois'nous weeds, that o'er the temple grew,
 Restoring it once more to light of day.

It only taught what the Apostles taught :
 To search the Scriptures Papal Rome had
 clos'd ;
 And hope for life, by One Atonement bought,
 Without a Purgatory interposed.

Then let us humbly praise and thank the Lord,
 Who, in his mercy, thus once more has given,
 Pure and ungarbled, his most Holy Word,
 To light the Christian on his path to heaven.

101. CHARLES THE FIRST.

b. 1600, }
acc. 1625, }
d. 1649. }

A very good man, tho' we cannot but own
 Unwise as a king was Charles Stuart the First ;
 Sixteen twenty-five he ascended the throne,
 And soon over England a hurricane burst.

- The war against France, and the arrogant ways
Of Buckingham, roused up the Parliament's ire ;
The novel attempt standing armies to raise,
With ship-money taxes, soon fann'd up the fire.
1642. How fierce is the quarrel where neither will yield,
And love is extinguish'd in hatred and pride ;
The King and the Parliament both take the field
The strife by the merciless sword to decide.
- With Rupert, the nephew of Charles, at their head,
The Royalist cavaliers fight all in vain :
By Cromwell, and Ireton, and Fairfax, well led,
The Puritan Roundheads great victories gain.
1642. In sixteen hundred and forty-two,
The king at Edgehill they overthrew.
1644. In sixteen hundred and forty-four
They gain'd the battle of Marston Moor.
1645. Next year at Naseby the armies meet,
And Charles sustains a complete defeat.
1646. The ill-fated monarch, now sorely beset,
Applied to his troops before Newark for aid :
From them little help in his need did he get ;
Their king to his foes they for money betray'd.
- Compell'd now at length to seek safety in flight,
A secret escape into France he design'd ;
But artfully lured to the fair Isle of Wight,
At Carisbrook Castle was seiz'd and confin'd.

1649.

Alas ! it was now all too late to resign
 His war against France and his ship-money tax;
 At length, in the year sixteen forty and nine,
 He fell by the stern executioner's axe.

102. THE RESTORATION.

b.1599,d.1658.

Now Cromwell Protector of England remain'd
 Until sixteen hundred and fifty and eight;
 The honour of England abroad he maintain'd;
 And, though a usurper, did well for the State.

abd. 1659.

But Richard, his son, tho' not badly inclined,
 Was wholly unfitted to rule such a nation;
 So General Monk, sixteen sixty, we find
 Effecting the banish'd young king's Restoration.

b.1630,d.1685.

1665.

1666.

Alas! Charles the Second, to pleasure a slave,
 Unwarn'd, to his vices and follies return'd,
 Although the Great Plague made the City a grave,
 And then the next year half of London was
 burn'd.

Well, many an alley, where lingering lay
 The seeds of infection that yet might have spread,
 Was swept by the great conflagration away;
 And healthier dwellings arose in its stead.

So, too, out of scenes of commotion and blood
 Sprang much of the freedom that England
 enjoys;
 For God overrules even evil for good,
 And ev'ry event in his service employs.

1683.

103. THE RYE-HOUSE PLOT.

b. 1633, }
 acc. 1685, }
 d. 1701. }

The year sixteen hundred and eighty and three
 (Just two years before James the Second's
 accession)

Gave birth to a project to set the land free
 From fears of a king of the Romish profession.

Of Romanist plots there had been not a few,
 But this was a plot with the Protestant view
 Of keeping out James, Duke of York, from the
 throne,

A very desirable end we must own ;
 But then it included a horrible thing—
 No less a design than to murder the king.

near

The Rye-House ~~at~~ Hoddesdon was named as the
 spot,

And hence it was known as the great Rye-House
 Plot.

Both Lord William Russell, a high-minded man,
 And Algernon Sidney, took part in the plan.

They both were beheaded. 'Tis mostly believ'd

That neither of them for a moment conceiv'd

A thought of the wicked and murd'rous extent

To which the conspiracy certainly went.

Be this as it may, yet we cannot but feel

They grievously err'd through their Protestant
 zeal:

They freedom of conscience and liberty sought;

But not by such means may these blessings be
 bought.

While honest, unsullied and pure, are our views,
 So also should be all the means that we use.
 They broke the great precept so holy and true :
 We may not do evil that good may ensue.

1685.

104. MONMOUTH'S REBELLION.

'Twas in the early part of James the Second's
 troubled reign

That James, the Duke of Monmouth, sought the
 sceptre to obtain ;

A son of Charles the Second (not legitimate) was
 he :

His bold pretext to set the land from Romish
 thraldom free.

The West of England's lovely vales of war became
 the seat,

July 5, 1685.

Until the Duke, at Sedgemoor, met a terrible
 defeat.

He perish'd on the scaffold ;—the revolt was wholly
 quelled.

The terrible assizes, in the West by Jeffreys held,
 Made martyrs out of rebels ; helping thus to pave
 the way

For William's hearty welcome when he landed at
 Torbay.

105. THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

Think not that courage can be shown
On well-fought battle-fields alone ;
Or that a nation's liberties
Only in revolutions rise.

1688.

When James, in sixteen eighty-eight,
Sought, by his famous declaration,
The Romish Church to reinstate,
And force the Pope upon the nation,
Sev'n Bishops, in the Church's cause,
Refus'd his mandate to fulfil,

As being contrary to laws
More binding than a monarch's will.
The king might give the Romanist
Such liberty as he thought fit ;
But from their pulpits, they persist,
He shall not make them publish it.
James to the utmost strain'd his power
To gain his object. He committed

June 29, 1688.

The sev'n brave Bishops to the Tower,
And they were tried, but all acquitted.
And in the list of those brave men
Who have stood forth to guard our rights,
The names of Sancroft and of Ken
Will ever count as shining lights.

106. THE REVOLUTION.

Nov. 5, 1688. In sixteen hundred eighty-eight, on famous Guy
Fawkes' day,
William, the Prince of Orange, came, and landed
at Torbay.

b. 1650, d. 1702. A stanch and sterling Protestant this Stadtholder
was reckon'd ;

And so the English made him king, and drove out
James the Second,

Who (tho' the Irish Catholics and French his
standard join,)

Sustain'd a sore defeat in sixteen ninety at the
Boyne.

July 1, 1690. Now James, he had two daughters; Mary, William's
wife was one ;

*b. 1664, }
acc. 1702, }
d. 1714. }* The other, Anne, succeeded, after William's race
was run ;

And in her reign John Churchill, Duke of Marl-
b'rough, gain'd the day

*1706, 1704,
1708, 1709.* At Ramillies, and Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Mal-
plaquet.

King William had no children, and Anne's only
son had died ;

And so the English Parliament was call'd on to
decide

Who should be Anne's successor; there were
sev'ral who had claims :

Charles Edward (Young Pretender) and Prince
Henry, sons of James,

1689, 1701.

b. 1660, }
 acc. 1714, }
 d. 1727. }

(Mind, not of James the Second, but of James the Second's son,
 The Chevalier St. George or *old* Pretender, all in one;)
 Third, Charles the First's grand-daughter, then a duchess of Savoy :
 But Romanists no longer England's sceptre might enjoy,
 And all these three were Romanists, so they were all rejected,
 And, by the Acts of Settlement, the Parliament selected
 Sophia the Electress, as a Protestant, whose mother
 Call'd James the First her father, and King Charles the First her brother.
 But as she died before Queen Anne, her eldest son, well known
 As George the First, instead of her, succeeded to the throne;
 And thus the House of Hanover, whose lineage was traced
 Direct from James the First, upon the English throne was placed.
 But still the House of Stuart cherish'd hopes that days might come,
 When once again on England's throne, they yet might bow to Rome;
 And Scotland, (whence you know the royal House of Stuart came,)
 The stronghold of the Jacobites, still kept alive the flame.

	In sev'nteen hundred forty-five, aided by Scottish clans,
<i>Sept. 21, 1745.</i>	Charles Edward was successful at the fight of Preston Pans ; 'Twas all in vain ;—the Stuarts' final overthrow we fix
<i>Apr. 16, 1746.</i>	With fam'd Culloden's fatal fight in sev'nteen forty-six.



107. ENGLAND'S LIBERTIES.

Mark well how England's liberties
Through many centuries have grown
By slow and gradual degrees,
Or have been wrested from the throne.

The lapse of centuries has seen
Our freedom slowly brought about ;
Yet striking epochs there have been
When much was boldly carried out.

<i>June 15, 1215.</i>	First, Magna Charta, wrung from John, A firm and sure foundation laid ;
<i>1258 to 1265.</i>	De Montfort led the Barons on, And further progress then was made.
<i>1649.</i>	Charles Stuart, vainly, to his cost, Essay'd to aggrandize the crown. Full soon his throne and life he lost : The people would not be kept down.

1688.

And when King James the Second tries
To rivet fast his Romish chain,
The people all-indignant rise,
And full religious freedom gain.

Then truly thankful we may be
For freedom such as we enjoy :
Through the wide world we nowhere see
Freedom so free from all alloy,

Either of hateful tyranny,
Or lawless license, as our own ;
Freedom combined with loyalty,
And love and rev'rence for the throne.

PART THE SEVENTH.



ENGLAND'S VICTORIES.

108. ENGLAND'S VICTORIES.

WHENCE comes it then that we,
The tenants of an isle so small,
Whether on land or on the sea,
Seem destin'd conquerors to be,
Vanquishing all ?

Is this an idle boast ?
Reverses we indeed have met,
But we shall vainly seek the coast
On which as yet a British host
Its foot has set,

And when it came to meet
With any foe of any race,
Has suffer'd unretriev'd defeat,
Or, wholly vanquish'd, in retreat
Has found disgrace.

In olden times we see
That doughty maiden, Joan of Arc,
Setting her conquer'd country free ;
She gains no world-famed victory
Of note or mark.

1429.

	<p>America may claim The boast of having overthrown The Briton ; but her sons the name Of Britons bore,—in race the same As Britain's own.</p>
1809.	<p>And if men ask thee when The evil star of Britain shone, Name fever-stricken Walcheren, And Khyber's fearful Pass, and then Thy task is done.</p>
1842.	
	<p>But if, perchance, they challenge thee to show Some field where sore defeat and overthrow Befel some powerful and vaunting foe, And England gain'd the day,</p>
1846.	<p>Then proudly point to Cressy's glorious scene, And that victorious prince, but just sixteen ; Nobly he won his knightly spurs, I ween, In that decisive fray.</p>
1356.	<p>Tell how he conquer'd at Poitiers again, Then of his famous victory in Spain, Then of his famous victory in Spain, When even brave Du Guesclin fought in vain Against brave Edward's son.</p>
1367.	
d. 1388.	
Oct. 25, 1415.	<p>Then turn to famous Agincourt, and tell How Henry fought so valiantly and well, And how on fourfold numbers there he fell, And victory was won.</p>

1704.
1708, 1709.
1706.
And then remember Blenheim's glorious day,
And those of Oudenarde, and Malplaquet,
And Ramillies, where Marlborough led the way
To victory and fame.
1704.
1705.
And trophies too there are in other lands;
Ask how Gibraltar came to English hands,
And if Montjuich still a witness stands
To Peterborough's name.
1801.
And "Egypt," on whose shore, in fullest tide
Of victory, brave Abercromby died,
By England's sons may well be read with pride
On many British flags,
- Whilst others tell of battles ne'er surpass'd,
Whose names in history shall for ever last,
And seem a halo of renown to cast
Around those war-worn rags.
- Others proclaim what mighty deeds were done
Beneath the rays of India's burning sun,
How Laswarree and great Assaye were won,
And mighty Tippoo fell.
- 1803, 1803.
1799.
Then the Peninsula alone can claim
The record of full many a glorious name,
When England's valiant sons the foe overcame,—
A list too long to tell.
- Like glorious stars of chiefest magnitude,
With wonder and with admiration view'd,
Amid a lesser host around them strew'd,
1809. Rise Talavera's plain

1811.	And terrible Fuentes' stubborn fight;
1812.	Then Salamanca rises to the sight,
1813.	And then Vittoria, and the Frenchman's flight From liberated Spain.
1813.	Then come the Pyrenees, and then once more,
1814, 1814.	With Orthes and Toulouse, a war was o'er ; But one more glorious field was yet in store For England's arms to gain.
1815.	Greatest of all is famous Waterloo, Where Wellington Napoleon overthrew, And gave to war-exhausted Europe too The peace for which he toil'd.
1854.	And well, I trow, the sturdy Muscovites Learn'd at the Alma how the Briton fights ;
1854.	And then again from Inkerman's proud heights Discomfited recoil'd.
	But have not other lands their victories ? Ay, truly ; great and glorious as these Are those of France, on land ; still are the seas Our undisputed throne.
	But then the valour of great, conqu'ring France, Elsewhere resistless in her brave advance, Serves only England's glory to enhance, By England overthrown.
	But if of Britain's prowess On the deep sea they ask, With flushing cheek right willingly Mayst thou accept the task.

1588. Tell how the great Armada,
In fifteen eighty-eight
Sent to invade our native shores,
Met a disastrous fate.
1782. Tell of the gallant Rodney,
Victor in eighty-two,
1794. And of that famous First of June
When Howe the foe o'erthrew.
1797. Of Jervis at St. Vincent,
1797. Duncan at Camperdown,
1798. And then how Nelson at the Nile
Achieved his great renown.
1801. How he at Copenhagen
All obstacles defied ;
1805. And how on great Trafalgar's day
Our greatest Hero died.
- Such lustre dims the glory
That yet full great appears
1813. In Broke who took the "Chesapeake,"
1816. And Exmouth at Algiers.
- But let us well beware,
Nor make these triumphs empty boasts ;
Remember, 'tis the Lord of Hosts
Gives vict'ry everywhere.
- If England has o'erthrown
In deadly fight the foeman's ranks,
Then let her grateful sons give thanks
To Him, and Him alone.

To Him alone we owe

Those wondrous energies and powers
By which still conqu'ring on we go ;
The might that vanquishes the foe
Is his alone, not ours.

And yet by human means

God works, with all at his command ;
Amid the battle's fiercest scenes,
Or where the humblest widow gleans,
'Tis He who guides the hand.

Thus the inquiring mind,

Which seeks his wondrous ways to trace,
In history a clue may find
To qualities that seem combined
In modern Britain's race.

The sturdy Briton laid

The first foundations of its strength ;
Four hundred years the Romans stayed
Until the warlike Saxons made
The land their own at length.

Then the sea-loving Dane

Made it his home ; the Norman brave
Then won the land ; and not in vain,
For in our blood there still remain
The traits each nation gave.

Keen valour in the fight,

And aptitude for useful arts,
Spirit to climb adventure's height,
And stern endurance, all unite
To play their sev'ral parts.

Britain! thou favoured isle!
Mayst thou such blessings rightly use!
If Heaven thus deigns on thee to smile,
Oh mayst thou ever, free from guile,
The path of honour choose!

109. THE GIVER OF VICTORY.

England, mistress of the seas!
Who shall count thy victories?
Long may yet thy navies keep
Sov'reignty o'er all the deep!

Yet from foes to guard thy coasts
Trust not in thy strength alone;
Great Jehovah, Lord of hosts,
As thy sole protector own!

The battle is not to the strong,
Nor to the swift alone the race:—
Thou shalt not be victor long;
If the Lord avert his face.

Strong and stable shalt thou stand,
If thy cause but righteous be:
On the sea and on the land,
He shall give thee victory.

110. THE ARMADA.

JULY 1588.

1518.

1531.

*July 20, 1588.**b.1521,d.1593.**d.1594,**b.1545,d.1596.**b.1536,d.1624.**b.1552,d.1618.*

Who shall rival mighty Spain,
On the land or on the main ?
See ! she sends her valiant bands
Forth to many distant lands :

Cortez, Montezuma's foe,
Conquers golden Mexico ;
Stern Pizarro's arms subdue
Famous, silver-fraught Peru.

Now a bold attempt is made,
Even England to invade :
Philip finds, to his dismay,
England no such easy prey ;
And, in fifteen-eighty-eight,
His Armada meets its fate.

Then a famous fight was fought,
Full with England's freedom fraught.
Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake,
Thro' the Spanish squadrons break ;
Howard brave, and Raleigh too,
Show'd themselves good men and true.
Puny ships were theirs indeed,
Yet they met that hour of need.
In the Channel, close at hand,
In the very sight of land,
Gravelines beheld the fight,
And the Spanish navy's flight,

Or that of all which still remain'd
 After the victory was gain'd,
 For few indeed the Spaniard saves
 From English guns and stormy waves.
 All the vast invading host
 There collected on the coast,
 Bootless may go back again ;
 Parma's toil is all in vain,
 England is no prize for Spain. }

111. RODNEY'S VICTORY.

APRIL 12, 1782.

d. 1792.

Rodney's famous victory,
 Call'd alone by his great name,
 In the annals of the sea
 Proud pre-eminence may claim.

In the spring of eighty-two,
 O'er Atlantic's broad expanse,
 Spain had many a gallant crew,
 Many a gallant crew had France.

See Solano and De Grasse
 'Mid the bright West Indies cruising
 All uncheck'd,—while we, alas !
 More than one fair isle were losing.

Woe to thee, Jamaica, woe !
 If but once their fleets unite
 Who shall then avert the blow ?
 On thy shores it must alight.

Feb. 1782.
b. 1724, *d.* 1816.

Three successive actions fought,
Early in the year by Hood,
With but small result were fraught;
Still the foe unconquer'd stood.

Rodney then from home arrives:
Soon his ships the combat seek;
Northward then De Grasse he drives
Past the Isle of Dominique.

On the twelfth of April then
Rodney's famous fight was fought:
Stouter ships and braver men
Battle ne'er together brought.

Rodney by a master-stroke
(New was then that bold design),
Through the line of battle broke,
Doubling then on half the line.

Ne'er was triumph more complete;
Not in vain brave Rodney toil'd;
France lost nearly all her fleet;
All her great designs were foil'd.

Honour to the brave De Grasse;
Whom,—it is but fair to say,—
None in courage could surpass;
But Rodney fought with him that day.



112. HOWE'S VICTORY.

JUNE 1ST, 1794.

b.1725,d.1799.

Grateful England will not soon
Howe's great victory forget ;
On the glorious first of June,
Villaret-Joyeuse he met.

Great supplies the foe expect ;
France for food is sorely press'd ;
These from England to protect,
Villaret sails out from Brest.

What ! has France so soon forgot
Rodney's fight in 'eighty-two ?
Near to Ushant is the spot
Where the fleets came first in view.

Never were manœuvres made
On so great and grand a scale ;
Five whole days the game was play'd ;
Each had nearly thirty sail.

On the twenty-eighth of May
First a scatter'd fight they wage ;
Fighting still the following day,
Howe still seeks the weather-gage.

Then came thick and misty weather,
On the two succeeding days ;
Still the fleets keep close together,
Fog alone the fight delays.

See! The haze has clear'd away ;
Brightly forth the sun has burst ;
Other ships join'd Villaret ;
He resolv'd to brave the worst.

Howe design'd the line to break,—
Not with ships, in column form'd,
Sailing in each other's wake,—
One breach only being storm'd ;—

No ; attacking all abreast,
Ev'ry ship the line shall pierce,
Pass to leeward, fight its best,
Barring flight with onset fierce.

Howe does all that lies in man,—
Higher praise no mortal needs ;
Great and noble is the plan,
Though but partly it succeeds :

All too close the French ships lay,
Some of ours could not get through ;
Some, too eager for the fray,
Kept not well the end in view.

See! the flagship nears the line ;
Not an idle shot she throws ;
As she rounds the huge Montagne,
Crashing in the broadside goes.

Through the line she holds her way,
Fighting soon a double foe ;
While the landsman, Saint André,
Terror-stricken, flies below.

Fiercely now the battle raged ;
See the Vengeur sinking fast !
Howe in turn four ships engaged ;
Such a fight not long could last.

Villaret sees all is lost ;
Ten ships strike the Tricolor ;
More than these the fight had cost,
Had the victors press'd them sore.

Precious time is thrown away
Whilst securing some of these ;
Profiting by this delay
All the rest escape with ease.

Six were captur'd, and remain'd
Trophies of this famous fight ;
One was sunk,—the others gain'd
Safety by inglorious flight.

113. ST. VINCENT.

FEBRUARY 14th, 1797.

In 'ninety-seven the Dutch and Spanish fleets
Both met with signal and complete defeats.
France, having both these fleets at her command,
Some secret, bold descent on Britain plann'd ;
And sought, to carry out the great design,
These navies in Brest harbour to combine.
So Jervis with a fleet was southward sent,
Whilst Duncan's fleet to watch De Winter went.

b.1734,d.1823

Brave Jervis had not long to cruise
The Spanish coast about,
Before he heard the welcome news :
The Dons had ventur'd out.

Cordova's fleet he overtakes,
And soon the fight begins ;
Right gallantly the line he breaks,
And thus the battle wins.

The Dons had eight and thirty sail,
The English had fifteen ;
But numbers were of no avail
Where Nelson's flag was seen.

Nelson, who show'd himself no dunce
That day in his profession,
Attacking seven big ships at once,
Took two in quick succession.

Right many a captain fought full well
And many a page t'would need,
The prowess of each one to tell,
And each heroic deed.

The dead and dying strew the decks
Of many a noble prize ;
And there amid a mass of wrecks
Our batter'd squadron lies.

In doubt and sore dismay the Don
Asks what had best be done :
Two of his captains say, " Fight on ;"
But most prefer to run.

Thus many ships, as well they might,
 Got clear away, 'tis true;
 We had too few one half to fight
 And catch the others too.

Remember well St. Valentine,
 For on his famous day,
 Brave Jervis through the Spanish line
 Right nobly led the way.

An earldom Jervis gain'd, which took its name
 From Cape St. Vincent, where he won his fame.

114. CAMPERDOWN.

OCTOBER 11TH, 1797.

The Dutch fleet in the Texel lay,
 And Duncan lay outside;
 And all the summer pass'd away
 Before their strength they tried.

But when at last October came,
 Orders De Winter got
 To sail for Brest, and risk the game,
 Whether he won or not.

Home to refit our fleet had gone;
 But Duncan was not slack,
 And hearing what the Dutch had done,
 At once he hasten'd back.

b.1731,d.1804.

Off Camperdown the foe he met,
And up he quickly bore ;
Contriving gallantly to get
Between him and the shore.

The famous action that ensued
Was fought so close to land,
That a vast, anxious multitude
Beheld it from the sand.

His ship right well De Winter fought
Till totally dismasted ;
This to a close the action brought,
Or longer it had lasted.

Eleven ships, so nobly gain'd,
Won Duncan great renown,
And thus a peerage he obtain'd
Called after Camperdown.

115. THE NILE.

AUGUST 1ST, 1798.

Though she may no insult brook,
England, conscious of her power,
On the clouds that sometimes lower
Calmly can afford to look.

Self-reliant, free from rancour,
Still to Nelson's words we cling :
" Where the French have room to swing,
There is room for us to anchor."

First of August, 'ninety-eight,
Anchor'd in Aboukir's bay,
Close in shore, brave Brueys lay,
Soon to meet a sailor's fate.

Nelson long the foe had chased ;
Up with eager haste he bore ;
'Twixt the French ships and the shore,
Soon the English ships he placed.

What tho' one ship takes the ground,
Batteries and shoals among :
Where the enemy had swung,
Room to anchor Nelson found.

Bravely Brueys fought awhile
Till the deck his life-blood stain'd.
Nelson, ere the dawn, had gain'd
Deathless glory at the Nile.

A wound that early in the strife
Nelson receiv'd, soon spread around
Dismay and terror, till they found
Unharm'd and safe—oh, joyful sound !
The dauntless hero's life.

And when in agony convey'd
Down from the deck, how nobly then
Till ev'ry one of his brave men
Had had his turn, he o'er again
Refuses ev'ry aid.

But look! Amid the battle's height,
What fierce volcano hurls on high
Its fiery volumes to the sky,
O'erspreading heav'n's dark canopy
With one broad glare of light?

As though their deadly work were done,
In dread suspense, war's hardest sons
Stand motionless beside their guns,
And through the group the whisper runs :
" The ' L'Orient ' is gone."

The battle's wild and deaf'ning roar
Was for the moment grimly hush'd ;
And then the cheek again was flush'd,
As to the deadly fight they rush'd
More fiercely than before.

For ere the ' L'Orient's ' awful knell
High o'er the din of battle peal'd,
Her flaming masts and shrouds reveal'd
What shadowy night till then conceal'd :
The fight was speeding well.

Full many a tricolor was down.
Of thirteen vessels of the line,
But two escape the fight, while nine,
Rewarding Nelson's bold design,
This famous conquest crown.

Well had the Gaul his duty done :
Bravely the foe may fight and bleed,

But England surely must succeed
While heroes like a Nelson lead
Her daring warriors on.

And lo ! a solemn silence reign'd
Throughout that conqu'ring British fleet :
Thanksgiving, like an incense sweet,
Was rising to the Mercy-seat
For this great vict'ry gain'd.

116. NELSON AT COPENHAGEN.

APRIL 2ND, 1801.

Bonaparte, whose great ambition
Ever plotted England's fall,
Caus'd the Northern coalition,
Nations bending at his call.

Right of search, and doubtful laws
Ill defining war's blockade,
Outwardly appear'd the cause
Why this Northern league was made.

Jealousy of England's might
Really caus'd the Dane and Swede
Thus to join the Muscovite
In this anti-British deed.

Denmark thus was borne along
On that mighty northern tide ;
Denmark's fleet was stout and strong,
So Britannia she defied.

England, now arise, awake!
Else be fallen now for ever;
Thou this Northern league must break,
Thou this compact must dissever.

Parker soon, and Nelson, lead
England's fleet for Denmark bound;
All her strength shall Denmark need;
See! they boldly pass the Sound.

Copenhagen, woe to thee!
Famous city of the Dane!
Though thy sons heroic be,
All their valour shall be vain.

See! in eager haste they swarm,
Each his utmost aid to lend;
Forts and batteries to arm,
Bravely to the work they bend.

All that man could well effect,
Fearfully was now array'd
Copenhagen to protect;
Buoys removed, and barriers made.

Fireships, batteries immense,
Liners mann'd by gallant souls;
Nature adds for their defence
Narrow channels, fatal shoals.

One vast shoal alone extends
All along the harbour's front;
Surely this the Dane defends
From the battle's fiercest brunt.

All was vain, for one was there
Whom no batteries could stay ;
Nelson, brave to do and dare,
Led a British fleet that day.

Day and night the hero toils ;
Nature's self is overcome ;
Ev'ry obstacle he foils,
Seal'd is Copenhagen's doom.

Now the day has come at last.
See ! the liners round the shoal ;
Three of them have grounded fast,
But the others reach the goal.

With his frigates, brave Riou
Boldly took the liners' post ;
Doing all that man could do,
Though the deed his life-blood cost.

Ne'er had even Nelson known
Such a fierce and deadly fray ;
Bravely Denmark holds her own,
Surely Nelson must give way !

Honour be to Parker's name :
Nelson's well-earn'd fame to save,
Taking on himself the blame,
Signal of recall he gave.

Nelson dares to disobey,
Fighting still unflinching on,
Till at last he gains the day ;
Victory at length is won.

Messages are sent on shore,
 Not with hasty wafer seal'd;
 Denmark's fleet is now no more,
 Denmark is compell'd to yield.

Soon an armistice is made.
 France, if yet she think it meet,
 England's shores may now invade,
 But without the Danish fleet.

117. TRAFALGAR.

OCTOBER 21ST, 1805.

b. Sept. 29,
1758,
d. 1805. }

" England expects that ev'ry man
 Will do his duty," was the battle-cry
 With which immortal Nelson led the van,
 To conquer, and to die.

Villeneuve in Cadiz' harbour lay;
 Safe were the French and Spanish fleets, no
 doubt;
 But when he heard that Nelson stood away,
 At last he ventured out.

Repeating frigates tell the tale:
 And swift as eagles swooping on their prey,
 The British vessels, crowding ev'ry sail,
 Soon reach Trafalgar Bay.

Mark well, October twenty-one,
 In the year eighteen hundred five, was fought
 Trafalgar's famous fight surpass'd by none:
 Victory dearly bought.

For Nelson's great career was run ;
Mid shouts of victory—a fitting knell
For one whose task of triumph now was done,—
Right gloriously he fell.

From that eventful, fatal hour,
Napoleon, of his navy wholly stripp'd,
On land might still make nations feel his power ;
At sea his wings were clipp'd.

All Europe, vanquish'd or alarm'd,
Lay helpless at the mighty monarch's feet ;
England alone still proudly stood unharm'd ;
Napoleon had no fleet.

118. COPENHAGEN IN 1807.

SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1807.

In the year eighteen hundred and sev'n we find
The Emp'ror Napoleon with Russia combined,
To seize on a sudden the great Northern fleets,
And thus to repair his own naval defeats.
England, aware of these designs,
Makes offers which the Dane declines ;
Then acts at once by sea and land,—
Gambier and Cathcart in command,—
And Copenhagen once more feels
How swift the blows that England deals.
True, Denmark was not then our foe,
But England had full proof to show
That Denmark's fleet was on the verge
Of being seized by Europe's scourge,—

No shadowy or vain pretence,—
And so she took, in self-defence,
A fleet, which in a few weeks more
Might have been turn'd against her shore.
Well, for all that, the thing was wrong,
Though doubtless the excuse is strong.
Our foes, of course, the act will blame :
Say, which would not have done the same ?

119. THE SHANNON AND THE
CHESAPEAKE.

JUNE 1ST, 1813.

Child of victory !
Where is now thy boasted might ?
Lo ! in the thundering sea-fight
Vainly flash thy guns ;
Thine own revolted sons
Now conquer thee.
Albion ! wake, arise !
Canst thou wonder at defeat,
If ships like thine are doom'd to meet
Frigates fast and fine,
Like vessels of the line
In frigates' guise ?
Canst thou hope to gain
Victory with ships half mann'd ?
Columbia's too, far better plann'd,
Hurl a broadside's weight
Oft nearly twice as great,
And not in vain.

Albion, hide thy face !
More than one good ship is gone ;
And canst thou then not capture one ?
Who the foe shall brave,
And thus thine honour save
From such disgrace ?
Who the foe shall dare ?
Up the gallant Shannon bore,
And soon arrived at Boston's shore.
See! she comes to seek
And fight the Chesapeake
At anchor there.

b.1776,d.1841.

Broke at once detach'd
On a cruise far out to sea,
The ship that bore him company.
Vict'ry must be won
In combat, gun for gun,
All fairly match'd.

Mark the challenge bold :
Gallant Broke the foe defies
To fight his ship of equal size ;
Ere the sun go down
Let each his flag's renown
In fight uphold.

Eager for the fray,
Lawrence then was sailing out,
Amid the cheer and deaf'ning shout ;
Sure that victory,
One triumph more at sea,
Shall crown the day.

Hark ! the cannon loud
· Opens now its angry roar ;
And thousands watching from the shore
Scarcely dare to breathe,
As high the smoke-drifts wreathe
A snowy cloud.

Singly then at first,
Yet with sure and deadly aim,
The flashes from the Shannon came.
With a whole broadside
The Chesapeake replied
In one wild burst.

Drifting more and more,
See ! the Chesapeake has now
Fallen athwart the Shannon's bow :
Closely thus engaged
A deadly fight they waged ;
'Twill soon be o'er.

Close the ships now lay ;
Conquer'd soon the foe shall be ;
For, on the land or on the sea,
When did foe withstand
The Briton, hand to hand,
And gain the day ?

Bravely then and well
Stevens, though with one arm gone,
Cover'd with wounds, yet holding on,
While death around him crash'd,
The ships together lash'd,
And nobly fell.

See! they seize the pike :
Broke has giv'n the word to board,—
With loud hurrahs they grasp the sword ;
On the foe's own deck
His vaunting they shall check,
And make him strike.

Now Broke leads them on :
O'er the bulwarks, on they rush,
And quickly all resistance crush.
Bold Columbia's flag
Down to the deck they drag :
The day is won.

Thus the mastery
Albion's flag at sea regain'd ;
And all supreme she has remain'd
Since her valiant son
In fifteen minutes won
That victory.

There, off Boston's shore,
Broke had won undying fame,
And wash'd the stain from Albion's name;
There, before their eyes,
The Chesapeake, his prize,
Away he bore.

120. ALGIERS.

AUGUST 27TH, 1816.

Who shall break the captive's chain?
Who shall free the Christian slave?
Europe pleads, but pleads in vain;
Who this haughty Dey shall brave?

From the dungeons of Algiers
Loud the Christian captives cry;
Not in vain Britannia hears,—
Not in vain, for help is nigh.

Do thy worst, thou cruel Dey:
Man the ship and man the wall:
Exmouth now is on his way;
Soon thy pride shall have a fall.

August twenty-seventh sees
That terrific, fierce attack;
Fiercely too the batteries
Fling the iron tempest back.

Hark! A thousand flashing guns
Hurl their bolts upon the fleet;
But 'tis mann'd by Albion's sons,
Well inur'd that storm to meet.

On the ruins of Algiers
Stormily the sun descends;
When the morning reappears,
See! the foe submissive bends.

b.1757,d.1833.

Full indemnity is paid,—
 Full a thousand slaves are free,—
 Full apology is made ;
 All, brave Exmouth, thanks to thee.

Aw'd by England's mighty power,
 Then the Dey his promise gave ;
 And Algiers, since that great hour,
 Has not seen one Christian slave.

WELLINGTON.

121. EARLY CAREER: INDIA.

May 1, 1769.

Hibernia may be proud to claim
 Amongst her sons this child of fame.
 No greater chief in any age
 Has ever filled a graphic page
 In history, or glory gained
 More free from blemish, more unstained.
 The duke was born in sixty-nine,
 The offspring of the noble line
 Of Mornington. To Eton sent,
 He afterwards to Angers went ;
 And there six years the youth remained
 In military science trained ;
 And then, at eighteen years of age,
March 7, 1787. He enter'd on life's chequered stage,
 As Ensign in the Sev'nty-third.
 Promotion was not long deferred :
 To one of such a noble name,

1794.	Of course advancement quickly came. At twenty-five (in 'ninety-four), Lieutenant-Colonel's rank he bore; The English troops in Flanders then Were led by inefficient men; Here, with the Thirty-third, we meet The hero cov'ring a retreat. <i>u</i> Already in those early days, His skill and courage win him praise.
1797.	In 'ninety-seven we find him land In India with a high command; And Tippoo Sultan quickly feels The fearful blow that Wellesley deals.
1799.	Mysore's great capital soon falls, And Tippoo dies upon its walls. Then of Mysore the conqueror Was justly made the governor. Full well he filled this lofty station, Blameless in his administration: And show'd with what consummate skill A civil office he could fill. <i>u</i> From Doondiah next, the robber chief, He gave the harassed land relief; And then the great Mahratta war Spread his renown both wide and far;
Sept. 23, 1803.	And on the plains of famed Assaye, Victorious Wellesley gain'd the day. Thus, with his Indian glory earned, He, now Sir Arthur, home returned.
1805.	

122. THE PENINSULA.

Meanwhile, a mightier conqueror
Than Europe e'er had seen before,
By valour and by matchless skill
Was bending nations to his will.
Soon by his giant strides alarmed,
Successively the nations armed.
Upsetting and creating thrones,
No limit to his will he owns.
England had chosen as her part,
Napoleon's great designs to thwart;
And dared the conqueror to brave
Who would have made her else his slave.
Full many a naval victory
Had shaken his supremacy.
Great Nelson was not now alive,
But his last fight, in eighteen five,
Napoleon's navy had destroy'd:
Yet others might be still employ'd;
With Russian, Swedish, Danish aid,
He yet might England's shores invade.
So England seized the Danish fleet;
And thus Sir Arthur next we meet
At Copenhagen in command,
With Cathcart as his chief on land,—
Where soon he meets the gallant Danes,
And an important action gains.

1807.

Next on a wider, nobler sphere,
He was to run his great career:

	<p>King Ferdinand had ceased to reign, And Joseph wore the crown of Spain ; Then Spanish pride at length awoke : Chafing beneath the galling yoke, The Spaniard called on us for aid, And soon the summons was obeyed. First to the shores of Portugal, Held in the mighty Frenchman's thrall, Sir Arthur Wellesley bent his way, And landed in Mondego Bay.</p>
<i>Aug.</i> 1808.	But useless are his gallant deeds : Burrard the hero supersedes ;
<i>Aug.</i> 22, 1808.	Cintra's convention saves the foe From sore defeat and overthrow.
<i>Aug.</i> 21, 1808.	Roliça's fight indeed is won, In glory sets Vimiera's sun; But Junot safely may embark, And only these two battles mark The first Peninsular campaign, Fought, as events soon prove, in vain ; For in the next succeeding year
<i>April</i> 1809.	Napoleon's eagles re-appear ; And thus in eighteen hundred nine, That brave and bright-red British line, With great Sir Arthur in command, Lands on the Tagus' sunny strand.
<i>b.</i> 1769, <i>d.</i> 1851.	Soult, posted on the Douro's bank, Dreamed not of an attack in flank ; Surely a stream like that protects The strong position he selects !

May 12.

Yes, this indeed it would have done,
 From any but a Wellington;
 But gallantly the stream is crossed,
 And Soult's position turned and lost.
 No bolder or more daring feat
 Than this in history we meet;

July 28.

And splendidly it paved the way
 For Talavera's glorious day;
 The first on which these giant foes
 In regular pitched battle close.
 Victor and Jourdan there command,—
 No better chance than Soult they stand;
 Though two to one that day they brought
 Into the field, in vain they fought;
 Whilst the picked veterans of France
 But served our glory to enhance
 Sir Arthur now becomes a peer,
 And thus is closed another year.

Sept. 27, 1810.

In eighteen ten Busaco sees
 One more of these great victories.
 Then comes that marvellous retreat,
 Of which no parallel we meet,
 Except in those of Xenophon,
 And Philip, King of Macedon.

*b.1758,d.1817.**Oct. 10.*

The world that daring skill admires
 With which Sir Arthur now retires
 Into the lines long since prepared;
 Not even skilled Massena dared
 Assault those Torres Vedras lines;
 The task, as hopeless, he declines;
 Thus foiled and baffled he, at length,
 Retreats in turn. Renewed in strength,

Lord Wellington's brave troops advance,
In turn pursuing those of France.

1811.

Thus was another year begun,
In which new victories were won;
Yet not by Wellington alone
Was military genius shown:

March 5.

Thus Victor at Barrossa found
How sternly Graham holds his ground;

May 16.

And Albuera's fearful day
Was won by Beresford in May,—

May 5.

Whilst Wellington, but just before,
Fought at Fuentes, called d'Onor.
Fuentes, at whose matchless fight,
Massena forced the British right;
In vain,—for skilfully thrown back,
It foiled completely his attack;
Thus in the battle's fiercest brunt,
The English hero changed his front.
In vain Montbrun's brave cavalry
Sweep on to seeming victory;
Down, like an avalanche, they bear
On each retiring British square
Bright in the sun their sabres flash,—
Madly upon the squares they dash,—
In vain;—the new position gain'd,
The British now their ground maintain'd;
Massena, utterly at fault,
At last abandoned the assault.

1812.

In eighteen twelve (we have not space
For deeds of lesser note) took place

*Jan. 19.**April 6.**July 22.*

Two sieges famed for stern defence,
 For fierce assault, and dire expense
 Of life ; Ciudad Rodrigo falls,
 And storm'd are Badajos's walls,
 Then came a victory renowned,
 Which Wellington with glory crowned :
 Clausel and Marmont best can tell
 How he, at Salamanca, fell
 On their too greatly weaken'd line,
 And foiled completely their design,
 Teaching the marshals, to their smart,
 A useful lesson in their art,—
 One useful too in common life,
 When we engage in needless strife :
 Let those who would outflank, beware,
 Nor leave their own weak centre bare.
 Madrid was reached, and thence in dread
 And dire dismay King Joseph fled.
 But Wellington could not remain,—
 French bayonets still swarm in Spain ;
 Not till the next campaign we see,
 Spain from those bayonets set free.

Here it is needless to relate
 The difficulties grave and great,
 Which cramped and hindered every plan
 Formed by this truly wondrous man :
 Want of supplies and troops from home,—
 Sometimes raw levies only come,—
 The Spanish generals,—his friends,—
 Thwarting his most important ends ;—

A.D.	268 EPITOME OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
<p>1813.</p> <p><i>June 21, 1813.</i></p>	<p>His army too he must support (But ne'er to plunder will resort), And that too in a country drained By enemies, who ne'er refrained From any act of spoliation, Though on the land it brought starvation. These obstacles, and many more, Throughout the war he bravely bore ; And now at last its closing scene, In eighteen hundred and thirteen, Shows that his toils were not in vain ;</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • For in that marvellous campaign, Throwing his left wing forward well In front, upon the foe he fell ; Threatened in flank they dare not meet His fierce attacks, and so retreat ; Abandoning thus, one by one, The districts they had overrun,— Without a single battle given, Till Joseph from Madrid is driven, To lose upon Vittoria's plain, A battle and the crown of Spain. There Wellington together brings, With matchless skill, his wide spread wings,— Converging thus upon the foe, For this one grand, decisive blow. The fight became a rout that day ; Jourdan his staff soon flung away, And on the battle-field 'twas found, Amidst the spoils that strewed the ground ; • And with that dire, disastrous rout, The French at last were driven out

From Spain, which they had held so long
 With rapine, violence and wrong;
 And equalled now by none in fame,
 A marshal Wellington became.

- 123. THE PYRENEES.

1813.

But ere the baffled Gauls retreat
 For good and all beyond the Pyrenees,
 Once more disaster and defeat
 Their vanquish'd eagle sees.

July 25.

Soult, who the chief command obtain'd,
 So well his force upon the British threw,
 That Roncesvalles' famed pass he gain'd,
 And Puerta Maya's too.

'Twas the last flicker of the lamp,
 Before its flashes into darkness fail;
 Soon Wellington regains the camp,
 And quickly turns the scale.

July 28, 1813.

Soraoren! thy rugged heights
 For two successive days behold the fray;
 Undauntedly the Frenchman fights,
 But must at last give way.

Aug. 1.

Soon in wild panic and alarm
 At Echalar, Soult's army in a mass,
 Disorderly and routed, swarm
 In terror through the pass.

Oct. 8.

They reach the Bidassoa's banks,
 The frontier ignominiously is cross'd ;
 Soult forms again his shattered ranks,
 But Spain to France is lost.

Forcing the Bidassoa's heights,
 The Duke soon makes the enemy retreat ;
 And combating for France's rights,
 The French he must defeat.

For, strange to say, not as a foe
 The English conqueror must now advance ;
 He comes, as soon his actions show,
 In truth the friend of France.

Nov. 9.

Soon the Nivelle was boldly cross'd,

Dec. 9.

And then the snow-born Nive with blood was
 stain'd ;

•

But Soult the ground that thus he lost
 Full nearly had regain'd.

Dec. 10.

Yet widely scatter'd though they lay,
 Not dreaming Soult in force was hov'ring near,

Dec. 13.

The British held Barrouilhet,
 And conquer'd at St. Pierre.

But mark ! upon the very eve
 Of these last desperate and deadly frays,
 Wellington earn'd—there at the Nive—
 The highest meed of praise.

Now (as full oft in his career)
 A mix'd and motley army he commands ;
 Thousands of Portuguese are here,
 And countless Spanish bands.

And who the Lusitanian's rage
Shall quench, or curb Iberia's proud son,
Seeking their vengeance to assuage
For wrongs the French had done ?

Wellington's high and noble soul
Revolted at the cry of blood for blood ;
He did his utmost to control
Their stern and savage mood.

But when he saw his efforts vain,
Come what come might, at once the worst he
dared,
And sent his Spaniards back to Spain,
Though they could ill be spared.

Search every age and every clime ;
No hero e'er gave up, as he did then,
Lest they might stain his conquests by a crime,
Twenty-five thousand men.

In eighteen hundred and thirteen,
Occurr'd this long campaign, so truly great,
In which the Duke, as we have seen,
Set free the Spanish State.

What greater glory could he gain ?
What could the victory still more enhance ?
He drove the Frenchman out of Spain,
The Spaniard out of France.

1814.

In eighteen fourteen Soult falls back,
Quitting his strong entrenchments at Bayonne,
Feb. 27. And waits at Orthes the attack,
And thinks that battle won.

	<p>Wellington, foil'd on both his wings, Watching the tide of battle from a height, His strength on Soult's weak centre flings, And puts the foe to flight.</p>
<i>April 10, 1814.</i>	<p>Then last of all, around Toulouse Soult challenges a fight, and stands at bay ; The Duke must fight, he cannot choose ; And gains a glorious day.</p> <p>Next day the joyful news was known, That great Napoleon, forced at length to bend, Had yielded up his crown and throne : The war was at an end.</p> <hr/>
<i>May 4, 1814.</i>	<p>124. QUATRE-BRAS.</p> <p>Napoleon, now to Elba sent, Brooded not idly o'er his fallen state ; His proud, ambitious soul was bent On once more tempting fate.</p>
<i>March 1, 1815.</i>	<p>One year of peace ensued, and then France hears with mingled raptures and alarms, Napoleon has returned again, And Europe is in arms.</p> <p>Then come the famous Hundred Days, In which his energy and matchless skill At once a noble army raise ; He is their emp'ror still.</p>

But Europe vows she will not cease
 From war, nor let the sabre idly rust,
 Till the disturber of her peace
 Be humbled in the dust.

England and Prussia take the field :
 Their gath'ring hosts the Belgian plains behold ;
 Napoleon, skilled the sword to wield,
 Acts boldly, as of old.

His eagle eye has quickly scanned
 The widely scattered force of the Allies ;
 A bold campaign at once is planned,
 To take them by surprise.

The frontier's crossed ; he hurries on
 To force the Prussians to accept a fight,
 Alone, ere they with Wellington
 Their forces can unite.

Thus right and left to strike the foe,
 Like lightning quick and fierce the stroke he
 deals ;

And, first of all, the crushing blow
 Blucher at Ligny feels.

June 16, 1815.

b.1742,d.1819.

Bravely did warlike Blucher fight,
 Nor yielded till his last reserves were spent
 But Bonaparte, with all his might,
 On crushing him was bent.

Fiercely and obstinately fought
 Was Ligny's terrible and deadly strife ;
 And Bonaparte his triumph bought
 With fearful loss of life.

b.1769, d.1815.

The Duke indeed had promised aid,
But Bonaparte gave him enough to do ;
The promised succours were delay'd,
And nearly beaten too.

For whilst the fight at Ligny raged,
Wellington, with the British Left that lay,
At Quatre-Bras, as hotly was engaged
By famous Marshal Ney.

Ney thought that he at once could crush
A force all unsupported and detach'd ;
On, on, his mail-clad horsemen rush,
But they were fully match'd.

No British horse that day were there
To meet his splendid cavalry and guns ;
But they were met with serried square
By Britain's sturdy sons,

Who, though at first outnumbered far,
Despite of odds and guns and cavalry
Fought just as if this Quatre-Bras
Were their Thermopylæ.

But fresh battalions by degrees
Come up, and no less sternly hold their own,
Till the approach of nightfall sees
The enemy o'erthrown.

'Twas well for them that all that day
Inactive D'Erlon's whole division stood ;
And, while it gave no aid to Ney,
Did Bonaparte no good.

Still Bonaparte his bold design
 Had more than half achieved, to interpose
 'Twixt Wellington's and Blucher's line
 Ere they had time to close.

To chase the Prussians, and prevent
 Their rallying, and aiding Wellington,
 Grouchy was by Napoleon sent—
 The game seemed nearly won.

For he the foe in twain had cleft;
 And, doubting not to beat them in detail,
 He wheeled his army to the left,
 The British to assail.

But Wellington, and Blucher too
 (Whom Grouchy thought well beaten and in
 flight),
 At once fell back on Waterloo,
 Their forces to unite.

June 18, 1815.

125. WATERLOO.

June 17.

The British through Gemappes retreat,
 Napoleon's squadrons pressing on behind
 So close that, in the crowded street,
 A sharp repulse they find.

June 18.

Thus June the seventeenth, at night,
 The Duke at Waterloo took up his ground;
 And ready for the final fight
 Was on the morrow found.

Two gentle slopes, two miles in length,
Formed, with the hollow ground that lay between,

And some few scatter'd points of strength,
This famous battle's scene.

The British hold the northern height,
With Hougomont, a wooded chateau-farm,
Down in the hollow near their right,
Whose walls they quickly arm.

Another chateau-farm, La Haye,
Below the British centre stood, and show'd
Its hedges and its walls half way
Up the chaussée, or road,

That led direct from Soignies' wood,
Through Waterloo, across the lines of heights
On which the rival armies stood ;
Saddest of splendid sights !

And there those hosts, when morning broke,
Stood eager for the fray, like giants twain ;
Alas ! how many thousands woke
Never to wake again.

And never once, most strange to say,
In all the many wars that they had fought,
Had these great chiefs, until this day,
Thus face to face been brought.

"At last I have these English, then !"
Napoleon proudly cries to those around ;
Sault knew, and told him, how those men
Stood rooted to the ground.

Now quit thee well, brave Wellington ;
Europe is all enslaved if thou give way !
The fate of millions hangs upon
Thee and thy host this day.

All drenched with torrents was the ground ;
The clouded morn was usher'd in with showers ;
Unbroken by the cannon's sound
Waned the long forenoon hours.

Then, like a bursting thundercloud
Breaking the stillness of some peaceful vale,
The bellowing cannon, pealing loud,
Hurls forth its deadly hail.

The fight began at Hougomont,
Thus masking an attack upon La Haye ;
But struggles deadly, fierce, and long,
Saw Hougomont that day.

How it was taken—and again
In part at times retaken o'er and o'er—
Its shatter'd walls, and heaps of slain,
Their ghastly witness bore.

'Twas noon, and now the British left
Became the object of a fierce attack ;
The foremost line at once was cleft,
And quickly driven back.

No Englishmen were they indeed,
Who at that point were station'd in the front ;
But foreign troops, who fail'd at need
To stand the fearful brunt.

Indeed, of Wellington's whole host,
Sixty-eight thousand strong at Waterloo,
Twenty-four thousand, at the most,
Were Britons good and true.

Of German troops, a motley mass,
Some two and twenty thousand men had he;
And some of these none could surpass
In steady bravery.

But eighteen thousand Belgians bold
Were worse than useless to the Duke that day;
They, as we have already told,
Soon broke and ran away.

On the victorious Frenchmen go;
But Britons in the second line they find,
Who, charging hotly, drive the foe
Like chaff before the wind.

'Twas the last charge brave Picton led.
"Charge, charge, hurrah!" the noble hero cries;
A bullet strikes him through the head,
And Picton falls, and dies.

Then, dashing forth, the British horse
Pursue the routed columns down the incline;
Nor pause, until in headlong course
They reach Napoleon's line.

There with the Frenchmen's guns they meet;
Forty all useless for the fight are made;
When lo! they find their own retreat
Too long has been delay'd.

Fresh squadrons down upon them bear,
Forcing them back by their resistless weight;
And these pursuing squadrons share
In turn the self-same fate.

The Prussians should have join'd by one.
What if the promised aid should come too late?
Blucher did all that could be done,
With roads in such a state.

Napoleon's eye soon fell upon
Dark masses, half by distant woods conceal'd:
He felt the battle must be won
Ere Blucher reached the field.

Full soon a fresh attack he sends
Against the centre of the British line:
Yet vainly thus his strength he spends,
And foiled is his design.

Sternly their ground the British keep
'Gainst horse and foot combined; then, with a
will,
Charging both horse and foot, they sweep
Them routed down the hill.

And when, the fierce attack to crown,
The helm'd and mail-clad cavalry advance,
The Life Guards charge, and trample down
The Cuirassiers of France.

Napoleon then, to crush the foe,
Hurls forth his splendid cavalry, en masse;
See! dashing up the slope they go,
Now o'er the ridge they pass;

But stern, unbroken squares they meet,
The deadly volleys from whose serried ranks
Pour forth destruction and defeat;
Then, on their shattered flanks

Burst forth the gallant British horse,
Charging them oft and fiercely; till, at length,
Seeing how thus he wastes his force,
The Duke reserves his strength.

Then, for a while, in vaunting pride,
Unmet, save by the bullets' deadly hail,
Around the squares the Frenchmen ride,
But all their onsets fail.

The fight waned on from hour to hour,
The mighty conqueror was all at fault;
He felt that he but wasted power
By every vain assault.

Part of the Prussians (Bulow's corps)
Reached Planchenoit, down on Napoleon's right;
And carried it, at half-past four,
After a stubborn fight.

But fresh battalions of the Guard
Into the trembling scale Napoleon cast;
And Bulow's corps, still fighting hard,
Was beaten back at last.

But Blucher is approaching fast;
'Tis seven o'clock—his guns are plainly heard;
The grand attack, Napoleon's last,
No more may be deferred.

On every ridge, on every mound,
Where guns could possibly be brought to bear,
Terrific cannonades resound,
The onset to prepare.

The Duke stood calmly near a tree,
Whose branches crashed beneath the iron rain :
“ They fire much better now,” said he,
“ Than formerly in Spain.”

Calm, but with anxious care, he placed
Each thinned battalion, each diminished troop :
Full well the coming storm he traced
That on his line shall swoop.

The famed Imperial Guard, the pride,
The glory, and the boast of warlike France,
Which oft had turned a battle's tide,
Is ordered to advance.

See ! in two columns close they form ;
Now bravely they advance adown the slope ;
Now up the hill the columns swarm,
With Britain's sons to cope.

“ Up, Guards, and at them !” was the word ;
Loud through the ranks it rang ;
The British Guards that signal heard ;
Up to their feet they sprang :

Their levelled muskets rent the air
With volleys close and low :
Then, like a lion from his lair,
They rush'd upon the foe !

Who could withstand the fearful shock?
Down on the French they sweep:
Like fragments of some shattered rock,
They hurl them down the steep.

See, see! the second column now
Streams fiercely up the height:
See, the dark mass has reached the brow,
More to the English right.

The British, starting from the ground,
Converge upon the mass,
And pouring in a deadly round,
They mow them down like grass.

Down, down they rush in hopeless flight,
And Vandeleur completes,
With Vivian, charging on the right,
This direst of defeats.

Then he who never had been known
Before the foe to quail,
Seeing his famous Guard o'erthrown,
Exclaims, all deadly pale:

"The Guard recoils, all, all, is lost!"
Now "Sauve qui peut!" he cries;
And, midst a wild and routed host,
Forth from the field he flies.

'Twas nearly eight, when Wellington,
With keen and watchful glance
Saw that the victory was won,
And ordered an advance.

In one long line the British stride
Down that Aceldama ;
Their routed foes on every side
Breaking and giving way,—

Though here and there some valiant band
Refuses to retreat ;
Preferring, in a hopeless stand,
A soldier's death to meet.

Meanwhile the Prussians were engaged
At Planchenoit again ;
Where fiercely now the battle raged,
And, this time, not in vain.

And when the Guard, by numbers crush'd,
Were fairly driven out,
Onward the conqu'ring Prussians rush'd,
Completing thus the rout.

The day was done, the fight was won ;
The weary sun had set ;
When Blucher and brave Wellington
Near Belle Alliance met.

The British, wearied with the fight,
There on the field remained ;
The Prussian horse, throughout the night,
A hot pursuit maintained.

No greater battle e'er was fought ;
No greater victory
Was ever gained, for this was fraught
With peace and liberty.

And not to Wellington alone
Was that day's triumph due ;
Brothers in arms, the Prussians own
A share in Waterloo.

Yet 'twas his masterly design,
On his own chosen ground,
Thus with the Prussians to combine :
And when, at last, he found

Their march delayed, the glorious stand
Which, hour by hour, he made
With troops like those at his command,
His mighty skill displayed.

Thus Wellington the scourge destroy'd,
That plunged the world in tears ;
And Europe, thro' his sword, enjoy'd
Repose for forty years.

126. THE STATESMAN.

A few short lines may serve to tell
All that demands a notice here
Of those events which yet befel
Throughout the rest of his career.

Loaded with honours, wealth, and fame,
The Duke began, at forty-six,
A more important part to claim
In our domestic politics.

Some think his foresight and his skill
In politics by no means great ;
Though he was often called to fill
The highest offices of State.

The Duke avowed himself a foe
To progress, to reform, or change ;
And feared in each a deadly blow
To England's greatness ; yet, most strange,

He was the very man, in fact,
Who, ere his long career had closed,
Passed more than one important Act
To which he once had been opposed.

Men differ ; some great weakness find
In changing thus about ; while some
Think that it shows true strength of mind,
To change when time for change has come.

At times the fickle populace
In senseless acts their anger showed ;
Forgetting, to their own disgrace,
What England to his prowess owed.

Full oft the hero they assail'd,
And not alone with angry groans ;
But he who ne'er at bullets quail'd,
Smiled sternly at a show'r of stones.

But this excitement had its day ;
The wished for laws the people gain'd ;
Their fleeting fury passed away,—
Respect and love alone remain'd.

And time wore on, and silvered o'er
That well-known front with hoary age ;
And England ever more and more,
Revered the warrior and the sage,

Whom empty glory's flatt'ring call,
In peace or war had never sway'd :
Duty to him was all in all,
Her call he never disobey'd.

At length, amid a nation's tears,
His country's boast, his country's pride,
Honoured by all, and full of years,
In peace this famous hero died.

Sept. 14, 1852.

CONCLUSION.

WHEN, in our thirst for knowledge,
Full narrowly we scan,
Beneath the wondrous microscope,
The handywork of man,—
Well may our hearts be humbled,
Well may we start and pause,
To find, where all seem'd fair before,
Foul blotches, gaps, and flaws.

But let us place a flow'ret,
A leaf, a blade of grass,
Or aught that came from God's own hand,
Beneath the searching glass;
Wonder and admiration
Now fill the heart and mind:
The more we scan His work, the more
Perfection there we find.

The Prophet stands upon his watch;
He sets him on the tow'r,
For, lo ! Jehovah had proclaim'd
Judah's approaching hour.

What! shall Chaldea's godless sons,
So stain'd with blood and lust,
Trample upon God's chosen race,
And lay it in the dust?

Ay, even so. Proud Babylon
Shall be the instrument
Of great Jehovah's fearful wrath
On stubborn Judah spent.

Yet, for no righteousness of hers,
Is Babylon employ'd ;
Full soon that godless Babylon
Shall be herself destroy'd.

And then the Prophet tremblingly
God's righteousness descried ;
And own'd, in all His wondrous ways,
His wisdom justified.

And thus in history's eventful page
We see vast, mighty empires rise and fall ;
And, though we may not always trace the cause,
Yet we shall mark one great, prevailing truth.
In nations, as in individuals,
Depravity and sin full surely bring
At last stern retribution and a fall.
Some in wild desolation suddenly
Become o'erwhelm'd, like a calm earthly scene

Beneath the crashing avalanche ; and some
Silently, like a fair dissolving view,
Change imperceptibly, we mark not how,
Or when ; until at length before our eyes
A picture stands, in which no trace remains
Of what was there before.

Assyria, Persia, Ancient Greece and Rome,
Byzantium, and the Empire of the West,
The long, long line of Egypt's dynasties,
The sway of Attila, who swept the world,
From Asia to the sunny plains of France,
Proud Carthage, and the Saracenic power,
And then the Ottoman supremacy,
The conquests of the savage Tartar kings,
The might of Venice and of Genoa,
And Spain,—as once she was, but is no more,—
Charlemagne's great empire, and in recent days
That which Napoleon conquer'd by the sword,—
Where are they now ? All, all have pass'd away ;
And as in Nature's marvellous domain,
The falling leaf, decay, and death itself,
Are but the sources of new forms of life,
So from the ruins of these mighty realms
Others have sprung, and lived, and fall'n in turn.
What ! and shall Britain too, so prosperous
And favoured now, our own dear native land,
Shall Britain fall like them ? It may be so.
Has she not sins that might full well provoke
The wrath of Him who is of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquity ? Mark well
How Mammon-worship, and intemperance,
And pride of heart, stand out in dark relief

In ev'ry daily chronicle that tells
Of all the doings of the nation's life.
What then shall save us from the common fate
Of this world's empires ? There is yet a hope.
The blessings God has show'ed upon the land,—
Although His visitations chasten it
From time to time,—seem all to tell aloud
Of favour found on high. A light is ours,
To keep us in the wholesome fear of God,
Such as no nation e'er enjoyed of old ;
And if, indeed, our great prosperity
Is based on better, purer, holier things,
Than those on which past, fallen monarchies
Rose into pow'r, it yet may be His will
To keep us from a future fall like theirs.
Let us then hope that, guided by His word,
Britain may still find favour in His sight ;
And when her trials come, there may be found
Amongst her sons thousands who have not bowed
The knee to Baal ; that His searching eye,
Amidst ungodly myriads yet may find
More than the ten whose righteousness would
once

Have saved the sinful Cities of the Plain.
Say, art thou one like them ? If thou art not,
If thine own heart condemns thee—pause and
think :—

Thou mayst be one of those whose fervent prayer,
Offer'd in faith, and through the only Way,
May yet avert sore judgments hanging o'er
Thy native land. A glorious privilege,
Unknown indeed to thee and all on earth,

But mark'd perchance by that angelic host,
Hov'ring around us though invisible,
To whom He gives the charge to bear us up
And keep us here in all our ways ; who watch
The fitful changes of this nether world ;
And marvel at, and praise in heavenly songs,
As we perhaps may marvel at and praise
Hereafter, those unsearchable decrees,
Wise, holy, just, and merciful, and true,
By which, from its creation to the close
Of all things earthly, God controls the world.

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